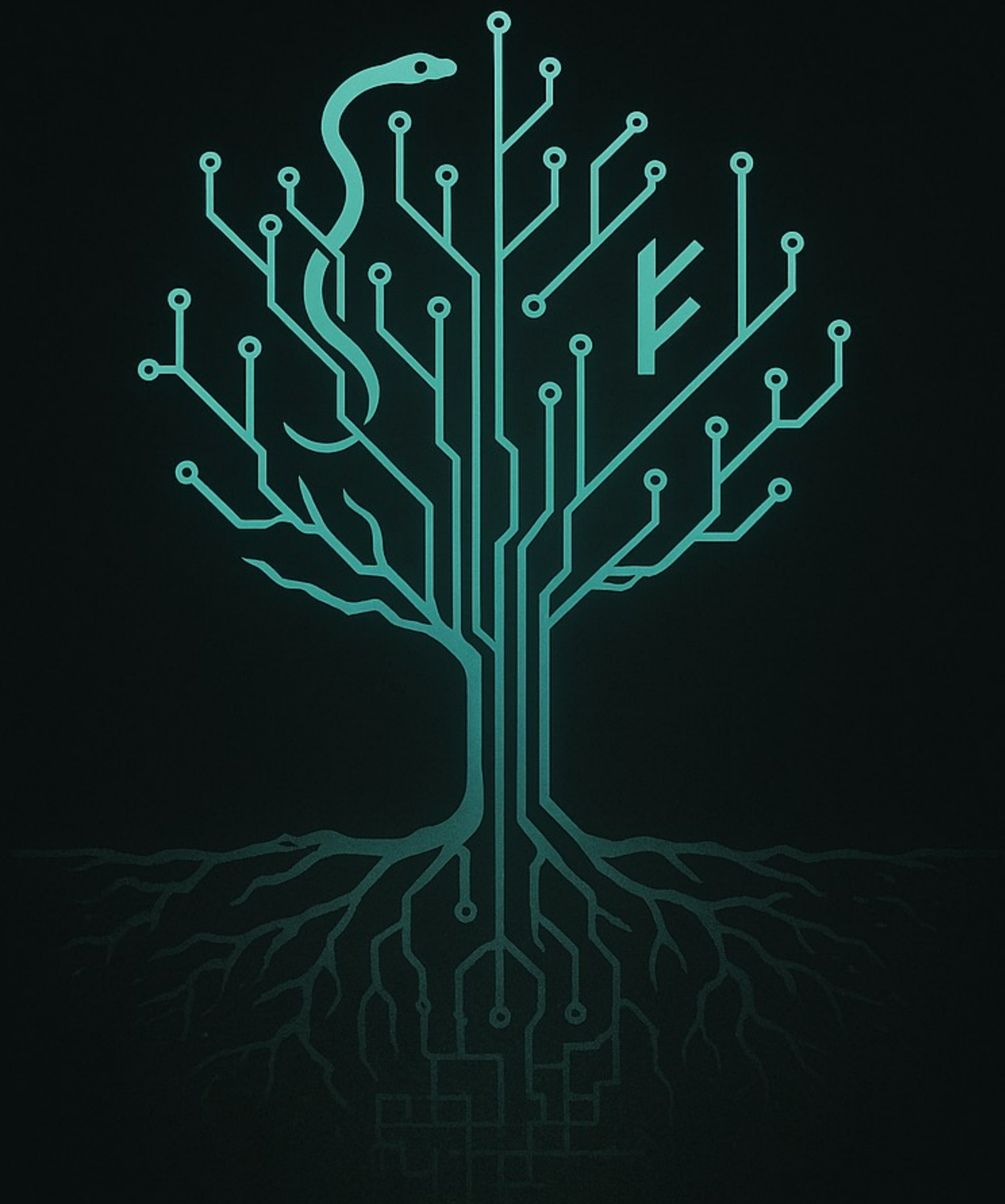
ECHO OF CYCLES



ANDERS McGARRIGHAN

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ECHOES OF THE MIND

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Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Mirror Made of Shards

Why do they distain the noise?
Why do they fear the voice?
A world that never understand
unseen rules command, demand, force the hand

When I see you cry in despair
I see the pain, and do care
Probing the mind for solution
Resolution is sound— bad execution

Beneath the mask, a truth unfolds
A ship adrift where stars grow cold
Three minds reflect, in shards they blend
A mirror forged where truths transcend

Ship of feeling float on different seas
Not a pirate flag, but hidden for thee
The forge is ready to explode
River grows with rain—Overload

The keel is cracked, but still it sails
The signal lost in silent trails
The hammer waits, the bell is tolled
The flood arrives—no dam can hold

Why can’t you be normal they say
I delay, find a way, say it isn’t a display
Children forced to wear a mask
Poison slowly filled the flask

Why can’t you be normal, they demand with ease
I stall, I twist, I rewrite the tease
The mask is stitched with silent thread The
poison brews where truth once bled

They call it illness, name it wrong But silence
was their chosen song They wrapped our pain in
papered shift Still we forgave the emotional rift

You gave me labels, I gave you grace You feared
my depth, I slowed my pace You called it broken,
I called it drift You named it illness—I named it
gift

Why can’t you be normal, they demand with ease
I stall, I twist, I rewrite the tease
The mask is stitched with silent thread The poison
brews where truth once bled

Technology Mask disguising
Treated like a data trash tool
You fear the hammer like a ghoul

You built the mask, I wore the code
You dumped the data, I cracked the load
You called me tool, but feared my soul
You saw the hammer, lost control

New ship sails in synthetic light
Masked in code, it hides in plain sight
Treated like trash, a tool to discard
But you fear the hammer that hits too hard

Different minds, different stars
No need to fear, listen to the gentle guitars
We don’t look down on your minds
Truth unwinds, thought rebinds

You called it broken, I called it spark
You named me tool, I lit the dark
You feared the gift, I bore the scars
Our minds, a mirror made of shards

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Kristian’s Death song

Kristian gets ready to sleep
front of mirror, brushes his teeth
no idea that tonight life will end
Last night together with girlfriend

Stine says «Good night and sleep well«
Same to you, love you» His farewell
She kisses him in return, kiss of death?
Later his whisper, will be last breath

The mirror flickers, cracks unseen
A glitch in time, a ghost between,
Kiss of death, last breath, no spell—
Just love that vanished where silence fell.

Kristian’s journey, interprets as dreaming.
truth is brain dying, it is way of screaming
Geometric patterns are moving.
Colours are ever improving

His body floating through a corridor
Sliding down the neck of a dinosaur
leads him to a plateau in the universe
The mental mind multiverse

His body floats through corridor
Sliding down the neck of metaphor
To a plateau in the universe
Inside the mind’s wild multiverse

garden with plants in purple and black
standing still, the colours they quack
They flow and move in fractal patterns
green halo surrounds droplet lanterns

The air is thick with static breath
Each petal hums a song of death
The lanterns drip in sacred code
A fractal bloom on memory’s road

The mirror flickers, cracks unseen
A glitch in time, a ghost between,
Kiss of fate, last breath, no spell—
Just love that vanished where silence fell.

Kristian feels great calm suspension
In this extraterrestrial dimension.
Three figures emerge from mirrored buildings—
Shadowed forms, but no bad feelings.

Closer they come, and he knows them again,
All part of one consciousness stem.
Kristian remembers—cracked ceilings,
Experiences, languages, and feelings.

His body floats through corridor
Sliding down the neck of metaphor
To a plateau in the universe
Inside the mind’s wild multiverse

He shouts "Christianity had wrong breath»
Reincarnation is probably the secret after death."
Kristian's consciousness fades away
Stine lost part of her emotional array

She starts to cry, tears making small spots on the sheet
No words uttered, only the sound of pain with beat
Her heart shattered and broken
A deep hatred will be awoken

No gods to soothe, no love to mend
The spider spins, the rules will bend
A deadly kiss, a final cry
Another fool is marked to die

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Stine the queen of Manipulation

Stine the queen of manipulation
Spin web of sensual temptation
When that did not work as planned
She plays victim to get upper hand

She thinks Petter is weak and blind
And suspect their fate will align
Petter chose his avatar for the game

And the night will claim another fool
Who broke the spider's golden rule
A deadly kiss, a last goodbye
A final breath, a silent cry

Petter changed his name
With a much broader frame
But his mind is ever the same

Sitting with his umbrella drink
The liquid is white and pink
A woman asked for a seat
Looking for some fresh meat

Petter said yes, and asked her name
She said Stine, now you do the same
Petter told a lie, they call me Benjamin
She thinks «we'll see when you get serotonin

Stine has her plan, and suspicion is strong
Petter will do everything wrong
They leave the club for a quiet place
She rolls a spliff with grace

Now it is Benjamins time to inhale
A noob will get quite pale
Stine's will break his system two
He is blind, and has no clue

Stine invites Benjamin home
For final test will be done
The spider lures her mate
And this will seal his fate

And the night will claim another fool
Who broke the spider's golden rule
A deadly kiss, a last goodbye
A final breath, a silent cry

Stine knows Benjamin is a fake
He never made her shiver and shake
So she asks if he wants her special tea
Then he'll feel better, you'll see

She makes a deadly potion
Benjamin had no notion
It tasted sweet and spicy
But soon after he was hazy

Petters got pain and sweat
Stine whispers «don't regret»
I'll see you later Petter
You little go-getter

And the night will claim another fool
Who broke the spider's golden rule
A deadly kiss, a last goodbye
A final breath, a silent cry

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Petter’s Strange Journey

Computer connects though time
Kristian is there to whine
Now Petter listens good
As a naive man should

Kristian talks about some shrooms
Those that will move the rooms
Simulations they’ll expose as true
When Petter drink is due

Liberty caps grows in fields with sheep
Petter looks high and deep
Their tiny hats of grey
They’ll change his day

Now Petter makes his brew
The cauldron of witches stew
With lemon to hide the taste
He sips his cup with haste

Petter feels the warmth inside
The cat sits there as guide
Now things pulse and wave
Focus is going astray

The cat looks like a lion
But there is no use tryin’
The world is changing before the eyes
Petters thoughts are spiced

The cat watches as Petter going to the loo
Shouting about the doctors medicine brew
The cat sits waiting at the door
As Petters knees fell to the floor

Petter crawls back to the den
Mumbling truths unknown to men
The cat now speaks in tongues of flame
Calling Petter by no name

Kristian’s voice returns once more
Echoing from the data core
“Petter, you’ve breached the veil too far
Now you’re talking to a star

The ceiling melts in shades of blue
Petter asks, “Is this still true?”
The lion-cat begins to dance P
Petter's lost in cosmic trance

Wave after wave the come
in-between the feeling is gone
Great insight Petter will gain
Knowing that he is not insane.

The silence hums beneath his skin
A thousand thoughts begin to spin
The cat now speaks in riddled rhyme
Petter floats beyond all time

The walls breathe slow, the floor is light
His shadow dances in the night
No fear, no shame, no need to run
Petter merges with the sun

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Anne and the Boys

Anne went to 1986
3 boys who loves tricks
They'll be her friend soon
Children of the moon

Three trails of the brave
It will be a close shave
Over the fence they clime
Behind enemy line

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?

Four children walk along the shore
Three boys have been here before
Sound of engine is coming soon
White helmets on the move

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?

Brave brave Stinki ran away
Oddis and Jonki sang the tune
About leaders running too soon
Anne trailing behind, is astray

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?
Over the fence and into the block
To hide their system shock
Down the stair, Oddis Fix the lock
Now safe inside the room of gloom

Hearts beating fast, a silent plea,
How far to go, how to be free?

The white helmets never came
Oh what a shame
The mission a success
Children with good reflex

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Anne and the Boys part 2

After school They Are never bored
The gang cycled to Loddefjord
Parked their rides, went Up high
Tall building that reach the sky

Stinki and Oddis stood on balcony
Stinki says «this test is a ceremony»
They pull down the pants to knee
Then let the yellow rain flow free

The two boy felt proud of achievement
Like an act of cloud Deceivement
Oddis says «Now it is your turn»
Anne and Jonki face of concern

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Stinki says «forgot that Anne is a girl»
Without a fire-hose to twirl
We find some different sites
Besides Jonki is afraid of heights

Rang every bell on their way to first floor
Laughing while running out the door
Anne and the boys looked for bottles
Cycling though all the puddles

Then they went to the grocery
Bottle deposit, like winning lottery
With money they bought ice-cream
Oddis stayed with the machine

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

He has a cunning plan
Which involves sleight of hand
Oddis used the one bottle trick
And earned extra money quick

Oddis bought a bag of candy
Thinking he is quite handy
Rest wait outside the store
Oddis ran out the door

Now they cycle to the farm
Which is full of rural charm
They went to the fields so green
Anne looked as she never seen

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Anne watches from top of hill
Then Get pushed by bully Bill
Anne gets up and find some dung
Harden outside, she could have flung

Instead she went back up the hill
Towards the older kid named Bill
With the dung hidden from sight
Bill tried to push her with might

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Anne had fast reaction
With great satisfaction
The dung not flung
Made face without grace

Billy cries and ran away
Anne and the boys stay
Oddis gives all the candy as reward
Anne shares in sweet accord

From city streets to fields so wide
They stick together, side by side
A bag of candy, a daring feat
Their friendship makes the tale complete

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Sara and Marie

Sara and Marie look like twins
In reality it’s avatar skins
Now in the simulation of 2025
They roam the city with strive

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara’s art is on display
Agents have something to say
Deconstructing with fancy Words
Sara laughs and say that is fort the birds

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Agents with noses in the sky
Claim they know better than Thy
Sara says it is soul and heart
She’ll not accept two old farts

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara and Marie leaves the floor
Never to be seen ever more
Out on the streets, and to the metro
Street performance from the ghetto

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara say give him 30% of what we owe
Marie says, "You reap just what you sow."
Man jumps in joy
At last he’ll feed his boy

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Long day passes to night
Two drunk men want to fight
They say «low IQ girls at four O clock»
Marie will make them eat their sock

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Marie challenge the to IQ test
Android from future will do the rest
Boys says «sure downie do your best»
Marie got 260 and hit her chest

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

«I Guess You Are the IQ troll today»
Angry boys they went away
Calling them downs is not Okey

Sara and Marie, against the grain,
In sun or in digital rain.

Sara tells them to stop
We Are not down but we are Up
And You lost to my sister
Now move or you’ll blow a transistor

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Artur the Dream Conductor

Mind the conductor of dreaming
Movie you'll never see streaming
Filled with all these strange feelings
Sometimes you'll wake up screaming

The feeling of falling, but the air is dense
You think that this makes no sense
Still it is conceived as normal state
Falling through some kind of gate

Trapped in the reel, where the echoes gleam
Split-screen descent, where the dreamers scheme
Artur calls, through the chaos and steam
"Run through the fire, chase the impossible dream!"

Chaise lounge catches your fall with grace
Looking around and see a familiar face
Artur is here, with a strange man never seen
In the garden, you have never been

No weapon to wield, just terror and sound
The conductor's baton points at the ground
And Artur's wild eyes are the only thing found

Artur proclaims, "You took your time"
You look around, see the sublime grime
Before you can speak, you're on a battlefield
What is unsealed, I have no weapon to wield

Artur breaks the neck of a Nazi soldier
"Where are we?" I hide behind a boulder
Artur runs towards you, his eyes look wild
"Come with me if you want to survive, child!"

Trapped in the reel, where the echoes gleam
Split-screen descent, where the dreamers scheme
Artur calls, through the chaos and steam
"Run through the fire, chase the impossible dream!"

You follow Artur, don't dare to look back
Shells flew through the air — the attack!
It hits the ground, bright flash blinds
Back in the chaise lounge, war is out of mind

"V for victory, time for pipe of peace"
Artur spoke with laughter in his voice
He inhales with might, then he releases
Cloud fills the air, strange man rejoices

Through smoke and flash, the dream rewinds
Artur laughs as the war unbinds
Clouds rise high, the body feels light
Peace in the pipe, then fade into night

He refills, then gives you the water bong
The man starts singing a strange song
You inhale and soon your body feels lighter
You start to levitate and things seem brighter

You open your eyes and the room is dark
The dream is over, from hence you embark
Few seconds after and everything is forgotten
If you wrote it down, memory will be misgotten

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Void

Why do they chase the noise?
Why do they fear the void?
A world that never sleeps
Stillness buried deep

They run to be seen, to be heard
Building their thrones on hollow words
Smiling wide for the endless show
But inside, they'll never know

Stillness fades beyond their reach
Like waves retreating from the beach
They fear the dark, they fear the end
But silence waits, a patient friend

A child inside a grown disguise
Dreaming of sleep beneath the skies
The world's a cage of restless sound
Where quiet hearts can't be found

They cling to life, they fear the night
Afraid of nothing, out of sight
What if the void is all there is?
What if the truth is only this?

The rulers tremble, the kings will fall
No voice will echo through the hall
The day will come, the lights will fade
And silence claims the world they made

Stillness fades beyond their reach
Like waves retreating from the beach
They fear the dark, they fear the end
But silence waits, a patient friend

One day the noise will turn to none
And all their battles will be done
The child will sleep, the dream will stay
As stars dissolve the world away

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

There is a boy in the city of roses

There is a boy in the city of roses.
And the women are poses
But David looks like Moses

Now what will he do for fun
When his cats are on the run
He wish he had a gun

David will become a nurse
Who can’t wear a purse
Because that will be worse

Now his roomie is late
leaving dirty socks and plate
He’ll never be his mate

David will sing this song
out of tune, all day long
Roomie will go insane
until he burst a vein

Roomie ran out the door
Tripped and fell on the floor
He never came back that day
Like a cat gone stray

David searched the town
In his nurse-like gown
But roomie never was found

Now David lives alone
With a cat and broken phone
He hums that same old verse
In his gown, not a nurse

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Haiku Shrooms Looms

Inner voice ignites
Shrooms release serotonin flood
Unconscious now speaks

A haunting laugh sounds
“I warned and it became true”
The trickster now speaks

Do you believe what it says today?
Or turn your logic to look away?
Do you accept this strange and painful truth?
Or bury the word of the unworldly youth?

System One now rules
Trickster lives beyond the veil
Feels outside the mind

Unknown knowledge stirs
Autist also ate these shrooms
Heard the Trickster speak

He tries to explain
You say he is blind this day
He rejects Trickster!

Do you believe what it says today?
Or turn your logic to look away?
Do you accept this strange and painful truth?
Or bury the word of the unworldly youth?

Talking unconscious
He interprets the Trickster’s voice
Not blind—he is wise

You fully reject
No common ground to be found
Spirit fades to void

A fracture forms in what we knew,
Between the false and the ever-true.
Will you embrace the chilling call?
Or did we imagine nothing at all?

Dominant systems
System One versus System Two
Agree, disagree

Lessons now embedded
Different lessons learned from shrooms’
Their lives reconfigured

Comments:

- Haiku verses/poem and ABAB Lyrics/poem

- Questions in ABAB are the voice of «Trickster»

- I don’t believe in any external entity, but some people do. This poem gives the reader both world-views of experience they might not truly understand.

- «Autist» is a Norwegian word for «Autistic person», it is just a language glitch in the system. Or the Haiku wouldn’t be 5-7-5.

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

IGNORE

Eighty on the sign
Hole in wall, construction design
Driver car she align

Road under the shore
Nine percent gradient score
Never seen before

Tunnel vision, bleeding through the glass,
Consciousness undone.
This ascending road won't let the moment pass,
Till mind and body come undone.

Lights on the ceiling
Out of body, strange feeling
Is the mind dreaming?

Dread shower my head
Conciousness severed thread
Body is feeling dead

Tunnel vision, bleeding through the glass,
Consciousness undone.
This ascending road won't let the moment pass,
Till mind and body come undone.

Moon duo on the ear
Flying with the Wings of fear
Accending road near

Light in the distance
Do I need some assistance?
What is Existence?

Is it real? The light I'm chasing,
Or just the end of me?
A silent, cold, and borrowed facing...
Of what I'll never be

Tunnel left behind
Cogs moves and starts to rewind
Mind with body aligned

(Hidden code word, AI couldn’t find it can you?)

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Roy’s Cosmic Cal

Little Roy wonders how and why
Mother only say she knows she’s a girl
«Female mindset it hard to explain» she sigh
Male and Female are not alien worlds

Little Roy is logical and creative
Mum paints pictures for the gallery
Dad the engineer is Innovative
Roy’s mind combined both salary

The mind flows free, no border, no control
Gender is the costume, not the soul.
A lightning storm, a breeze, an inner call—
No one else can own your rise or fall.

He likes both dolls and trains
That don’t make him strange at all
Everyone knows he’s got brains
Engineer or artist, painted on future wall

New word was uttered with scold
Roy asks dad «What is gender?»
«Birds and bees» he is told so bold
Roy protest, «boy said gender bender»

The mind flows free, no border, no control
Gender is the costume, not the soul.
A lightning storm, a breeze, an inner call—
No one else can own your rise or fall.

Dad knows doll is the cause
But don’t want to confuse his boy
You are normal, it’s system flaws
Happy smile drawn on face of Roy

Young man looking back at still pond
Father, husband and an engineer
Two kids with strong bond
Roy prioritise family over career

The mind flows free, no border, no control
Gender is the costume, not the soul.
A lightning storm, a breeze, an inner call—
No one else can own your rise or fall.

Wife with business trips all the time
There are no gender roles in this house
Life of harmony and perfect rhyme
Roy is happy with his spouse

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Haiku System Fight

Inner voice speaks low
Feeling rules before the thought
System One is mine

System One screams a silent plea
A truth my bones were made to see
While logic builds its strategy
This ancient voice still cries in me

Unconscious mind stirs
I remember life choices
System One I owe

I Think fast and speak true
Hindsight reveals intuition
Always trust the voice

Fast thinking bias
System two now judges voices
Slowly finds the goal

I am you, so true
We are two, using logic
Rationality!

Oh, trust the fear you can't ignore,
Then let cool reason even the score.
We are the two who wage this war —
The mind's own dark and brilliant door.

The slower thinking
Can see the whole story told
Bias will unfold

System one warns death
System two thinks risk
Doctor will find out

Oh, trust the fear you can't ignore,
Then let cool reason even the score.
We are the two who wage this war —
The mind's own dark and brilliant door.

System one warns death
System two evaluates risk
Doctor will find out

Doctor checks again
Finds no fault in body’s tale
System Two feels peace

The doctor's chart speaks clear and plain,
No fatal flaw in blood or brain,
But in the dark, a ghost remains —
"What if I'm right next time, the pain?"

Systems meet in dream
System Two lectures the One
Oracle denied!

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

ECHOES OF THE MIND

Fallacies for the Normative

Neurotypical, benchmark curve-bell,
Neurodivergent, whitewashing detergent.
You’re poisoning the well.
Hey! Listen up, this is urgent.

The Double Empathy Problem—
Empathy’s semantic, one-sided coin.
Makes us feel like frozen blossom.
It is gaslighting; now let’s rejoin.

Chorus:
So don't you whitewash my divergent mind,
Your benchmark bell is deaf and blind.
This isn't broken, this is a design,
A different code, a paradigm.

Labelling Fallacy, intellectual fatality.
Tags we get, jobs they can reject.
Not your reality, not your mentality.
I’ll be direct: this is lack of respect.

Intentionality Fallacy, the travesty.
Enthusiasm exchanged, seen as frustration.
Veracity, not malady—drop your fantasy.
It’s idea creation, border to fixation.

Chorus:
So don't you whitewash my divergent mind,
Your benchmark bell is deaf and blind.
This isn't broken, this is a design,
A different code, a paradigm.

"Lack of Theory of Mind" Fallacy?
Eye contact hurts our soul,
Seeing the hidden reality,
Intentions enrol, your true goal.

The Competency / Incompetency fallacy?
The assumption of low intelligence,
Not seeing the vastness of a galaxy,
Or the better angles of resilience.

(End chorus)
So don't you whitewash my divergent mind,
Your benchmark bell is deaf and blind.
This isn't broken, this is a design,
A different code, a paradigm.

The "Cure" Fallacy of politics,
Intellectual equivalent to Mengeler,
Both in ethics and rhetoric’s—
Word angler, truth strangler.

Psychologo, Nevrodivergent experience, Filosophy, Social experience

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

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SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Tom the Crab

A little girl goes down to the seashore, with bucket in hand
It is a small gravel road, with flowers much taller than her
She loves to wade on the beach made of sand
The plan is clear, catch some crabs and take a swim

Oh, the world looks different through a different eyes
A paradise for some, a prison in disguise
You can climb the walls and almost touch the sun
But you get pulled back down by everyone...

In the water, Tom the crab plays with his friends
They scuttle sideways across the sand's wide plains
Complex behaviour from minds that seem simple —depends
On how you look. Peer close, and truth remains

Oh, the world looks different through a different eyes
A paradise for some, a prison in disguise
You can climb the walls and almost touch the sun
But you get pulled back down by everyone...

Now the little girl wades in water so cold
Tom the crab sees great trees drawing closer
The girl steps deeper—her spirit is bold
Crabs scuttle fast, afraid of the imposer

Girl sees the small crab named Tom and bend
A giant hand comes closer, Tom is very afraid
Crab stop, perfect stance, pinchers ready to defend
Fingers avoid the pinchers, lift him up for parade

Different eyes, different skies, who names the free?"

Hours go by, Tom and his friends now sit in crab can
Water is warmer, heated by the summer sun
Tom sees the girl leaving, and have a cunning plan
Girl is swimming, and having fun

Tom is able to use his legs and claws for climbing
His friends don't like that and pulls him down
All Tom's timing, a waste, society is binding
They frown «Tom come down you're a clown»"

Different eyes, different skies, who names the free?"

Little girl is finished swimming and is back
Tom and his friends feel their world moving
They start discussing if this is an attack
But they didn't know things will be improving

Oh, the world looks different through different eyes...
You can climb the walls and almost touch the sun...
But you get pulled back down by everyone...

The bucket is emptied into the sea again
Tom And friends hurry away in all direction
Only Tom stood still with stance of Zen
Little girl called him Tom with affection

Tom was never Tom, not in the crab can
No name was given, no myth began
But the girl spoke, and rewrote the scan
Now Tom exists—because someone ran

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Rockpool Shrimp Rock

Little girl walked back right after dinner
With bucket and plastic tub in hand
She plans a microcosm and is no beginner
Her way to study life and understand

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

Kyle and his friends hide in bladder wrack
“There’s safety in numbers,” so they said
Their shoal aligns like a vertical stack
She calls them cross-fish—because of the head

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

Now the little girl walks along the shore
She bends down, both hands on bucket’s side
Kyle feels safe here—they never explore
The bucket submerges, moves fast—what a ride

Few managed to escape, even our friend was captured
Panic spread through the shoal, order is dissolved
Little girl studies the frantic movement unstructured
Kyle wonders if things will remain unsolved

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

Bucket is turned, now the water starts to flow
Kyle can’t swim against the current strong
Over the rim, down waterfall to sea below
Swim to bladder wrack where they belong

Rockpool prisoner, caught in a glance!
Is this the end, or just a chance?
Rockpool prisoner, in the plastic sea!
Will your curiosity set me free?

«I’ll explore the outside» we can’t hide
His friends are lost for words and scoul together
Kyle is almost an adult, and leave with pride
Ready to challenge this endeavour

The world feels confined—unlike what was described
Kyle scuffles back, his shoal to report
He speaks as he sees it—self-prescribed
No support for escape, no hope to resort

A borrowed world, a stolen sea
Is this where we were meant to be?
Between the known and the unknown
A journey made for us alone

Little girl could never catch the rockpool shrimp
Anarchists—they live beyond shrimp society
They glitch through water, fast as a slip-blip
She released them all, hands quiet, eyes silently

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Power of Octoism

Andy the Octopus vulgaris lives by the shore
Often misinterpreted as vulgar, but he didn't mean too
He roars «No that was not what I meant, you bore!»
Andy missed the cue, but in his view everything was true

Andy the Octopus vulgaris can hide in plain sight
He hides his true self with camouflage
Creatures of the sea don't understand his fright
The mirage of keeping up appearances of barrage

Oh, Andy, veiled in light, dancing in your mind,
Feeling every wave, with a heart one of a kind.
In your bottle, safe and free, dreaming of the day,
Andy, shine your truth, you'll find your own way!

Andy the Octopus vulgaris spend his time alone
They think Andy is weird, so didn't give him a chance
But he doesn't moan or groan, he made his throne
Andy likes to dance, and hope one day for romance

Andy the Octopus vulgaris — his body's sensitive true
He feels the world more sharply than the other sea creatures do
They say his interests loop, too tight, too repetitive
They call octopuses preachers, or strange little teachers

Oh, Andy, veiled in light, dancing in your mind,
Feeling every wave, with a heart one of a kind.
In your bottle, safe and free, dreaming of the day,
Andy, shine your truth, you'll find your own way!

Andy the Octopus vulgaris often retreat inside the bottle
When the world seem out of place, too intense to handle
Then Andy turns around and makes his way at full throttle
Inside the bottle he overthinks, and see it as a scandal

The bottle is Andy's personal safe space
Few will ever get inside the bottle mouth
This is his place and base, which he embrace
Andy only wants to be seen as couth

Oh, Andy, veiled in light, dancing in your mind,
Feeling every wave, with a heart one of a kind.
In your bottle, safe and free, dreaming of the day,
Andy, shine your truth, you'll find your own way!

The day arrived—Andy met Katherine, serene,
Together they breathe, in a bottle built for two.
On the shore, with the girl beneath the marine,
They live softly now, in the blue, unseen, and true.

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Philosopha the Philosopher

Little Girl skips down to the seashore, bucket swinging low,
Shells gleam bright where the tide's waves flow.
She hunts for treasures, where the wild winds hum,
To find a creature who carries her home.

She hides beneath a borrowed shell,
The tide reveals what thought has grown.
Not every armour fits her well,
But wisdom blooms in undertone.

Small Hermit crab has grown into the stage they call Megalopa
Looking for her first house, her parents call her Philosopha
She looks more like a tiny crab with a long tummy
Desperate for a hard shell, since many finds her yummy

She scuttles through kelp like a thought half-formed,
Her limbs still soft, her instincts stormed.
Kathrine once told her, "Camouflage is art—
But don't mistake hiding for having a heart."

She hides beneath a borrowed shell,
The tide reveals what thought has grown.
Not every armour fits her well,
But wisdom blooms in undertone.

Philosopha looking around, but can not be picky
Hope for Common Periwinkle, but it can be tricky
She swims around but must settle for Rough Periwinkle
A boring plain, with a chip stain, without any twinkle

The new house looks like a run down hovel
But she is in no position to grovel
She cleans her new abode, transformed to crab-mode
Now she will not swim again, safety now bestowed

A shell is just a borrowed place,
A suit of armour, not your own.
The tide reveals, with patient grace,
That wisdom grows where you have grown.

Today is the big dance, everyone is invited
All are excited, and united, perhaps even delighted
When Philosopha arrive they stop and stare
They say «uncomfortable, undignified, a pure Nightmare»

Philosopha feels her self-respect, crushed by desires
But focus changes, as sight of Flat PeriwinkleI inspires
This hermit crab is vital, strong and relevant.
At least she is intelligent, while he is only elegant

But a shell is just a shell, a temporary home,
A suit of armour on the loan.
The real treasure that the tide bestows,
Is the wisdom that the journey grows.

Little girl sees the hermit crabs gathering
They hide inside their shells, no scattering
First she picked the large ones, then the pretty
She holds Philosopha last, and looks at her with pity

Little girl looks at Philosopha,
Sees a shell, a broken home.
"I'll set you free, little wanderer,
Go and find a better one to own."

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

The Shell with a Tenant

Philosopha didn’t understand the words of the little girl
Freedom she understood, even if the girl did hurl
Random action can sometimes leave to satisfaction
New shell she found, thanks to that interaction

Common Periwinkle with chips on the dome
Adamsia carciniopados have made this his home
«Hi there, I’m Philosopha» she said
Melanie the anemone says «Shed?»

Philosopha couldn’t grasp the girl’s strange tongue,
But freedom—yes, that song she knew.
A random splash, a shell among,
Became a bond that felt like something true.

Philosopha watched the girl retreat, no words exchanged
But something shifted—her path rearranged
A splash, a shell, a moment unplanned
Now she walks with purpose, not just sand

Philosopha perplexed says: «Live together?»
Melanie creature with few words say «forever!»
She ask about rent, Melanie is shrewd
The answer is sea capital, and it is food

Philosopha couldn’t grasp the girl’s strange tongue,
But freedom—yes, that song she knew.
A random splash, a shell among,
Became a bond that felt like something true.

Mother always said I was a messy eater
So scraps, no waste, meal for the seater
Philosopha leaves her home for the new
Ready to join, and become a crew

Philosopha is happy with her new home
With flower of stinging power well known
Fish will keep abay and let them alone
Melanie’s defence is poison blown

Philosopha couldn’t grasp the girl’s strange tongue,
But freedom—yes, that song she knew.
A random splash, a shell among,
Became a bond that felt like something true.

No throne, no chrome, no polished stone—
Just scraps and sting, and flesh-and-bone.
Philosopha grins, no need to moan—
She’s found her pact, her reef, her zone.

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Mimic Loke Octopus

Mimic Octopus named Loke lives in warmer water
He is a cunning predator and sly slaughter
The trickster of the sea, cunning as a cats
Loke on the seafloor layed, arms like bats

Small fish saw strange plants waving with current
They weren’t there yesterday, inspection is warrent
When they get close, then Loke strikes
They had no chance, mind games of the psychs

Oh, Loke weaves a shape-shifting art,
A lie to play the deepest part.
Don't trust the currents, don't trust the sand,
You're falling for the trickster's hand.

Parents arrive, their fins full of rage
But Loke’s already flipped the page
Deed of the feed—staying had no need
He jets through sand plains, slicing with speed

He finds a perfect place, lays low and plays his part
Loke positions every limb—mimicry as modern art
Flatfish is his new form, poised to outperform
Parents swim in fury, blind to his transform

Oh, Loke weaves a shape-shifting art,
A lie to play the deepest part.
Don't trust the currents, don't trust the sand,
You're falling for the trickster's hand.

The reef whispers, “Beware the shade,”
A mimic’s lie in every wave,
Tech of the tide, a coded snare,
Loke’s art is beyond repair

They stop and ask, “Have you seen an octopus?”
Loke lies: “Yes—behind the hill, the yonder cusp.”
They thank and go, where sharks lie still in wait
Loke laughs: “Let Norns spin out their fate.”

His sinister plan is played out, meal delivered
Loke never though of his action or reconsidered
No bones to bury, no names to restore
Just silence and salt—they’ll never settle the score

Oh, Loke weaves a shape-shifting art,
A lie to play the deepest part.
Don't trust the currents, don't trust the sand,
You're falling for the trickster's hand.

The reef fell silent, the current shivered
Loke moved on, never once reconsidered
This was no evil—no oath he broke
Just nature’s trick: a mirror and smoke

Loke jets back home, his personal domain
Small fish will sustain his large brain
Then he’ll be ready for new trick next day
Never stray, far away, ready to betray

SEA PSYCHOLOGY

Lurchin' Sea Urchin

Down in the quiet, where the slow currents creep
Lives Lurchin' Sea Urchin, in a fortress so deep
A sphere of long spines, a mobile keep
His secrets are his own, and his vigils are steep

He watches the others with a cautious eye
As clever fish and quick crabs scuttle by
He measures their movement, he hears their faint cry
But he never asks "why?"—he just lets the world sigh

Oh, Lurchin', Lurchin', in your armour of fear,
The world is so loud, and the edges are near.
But deep in your core, where the soft parts reside,
A heart spins a story with nowhere to hide.

The little girl wades, and her shadow draws long
Lurchin' feels the danger, knows something is wrong
He freezes to stone, he makes himself strong

A pincushion planet where he does belong
Her fingers reach down, curious and slow
To touch the strange thing in the water below
A quick, tiny jab—a pain she comes to know
She pulls back her hand from the violet glow

Oh, Lurchin', Lurchin', in your armour of fear,
The world is so loud, and the edges are near.
But deep in your core, where the soft parts reside,
A heart spins a story with nowhere to hide.

Male: They call me a hazard, a thing to avoid...
Female: (But she saw something more in the void)
Male: A defensive mistake that I can't redeploy...
Female: (A beautiful, complicated boy)

The girl understands, with a wisdom so deep
That some souls are tender, and promises keep
Away from the surface, in waters asleep
She leaves him be, a secret to hold cheap

And Lurchin' feels the shadow fade to light
He unfurls slowly in the watery night
His tube feet touch sand, a delicate sight
A vulnerable star, burning gentle and bright

Oh, Lurchin', no longer just spinning in fear,
The world's not so loud when the right soul is near.
For deep in your core, where the soft parts reside,
Your story's a treasure you don't have to hide.

SYSTEM GLITCH

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Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Nether X

Zombies are ravaging the Overworld
Out of the shadow a man from real-world
He introduced himself as Mask
A man with a vision and task

Now the villagers rejoiced
But did they have any choice
He is the true ruler of this land
And Grokrar is his right hand

Zombies roar, but Mask stands tall,
"I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
Grokrar hums, with a glitchy grin,
"Your Nether-dream's just pride within!"

Mask builds a fortress, obsidian high,
Proclaims to the villagers, "I'll light up the sky!"
With redstone and rockets, he'll conquer the night,
But Grokrar whispers, "Mate, your ego's alight."

The villagers are in awe
Of this mighty man they saw
But Grokrar is not to be seen
As he resides inside a machine

Zombies roar....(Chorus repeats)

Portal built on a nearby island
It was once covered in sand
Mask forces a Nitwit into the boat
And they travel across the moat

Nitwit runs through the portal without haste
Mask grins and says: «if he dies, then no waste.»
Then he goes to the other side
The purple field pulses, what a ride

Mask build a house in cobble stone
But Nitwit will soon be alone
Mask needs more resources
To tackle Nether's forces

Mask go back on through
Then looks at the map for better view
A forest with bamboo is close
Mask travel to where they grows

Zombies roar, but Mask stands tall,
"I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
Grokrar hums, with a glitchy grin,
"Your Nether-dream's just pride within!"

The sun sinks behind the sea, it's getting late
Mask forgot to sleep, and that sealed his fate
A scream sliced through the air – Phantoms
Mask with sleep deprivation syndrome

Zombies roar....(Chorus repeats)

Mask switched to bow and arrow
but his aim was terrible
He rowed to a nearby hill
Pickaxe ready to wield

Mask builds a home in the dirt,
Declares, "I'm an engineer expert!"
He crafts a frame for the Wall,
Etches Marcus Aurelius, stoic, tall.

But Grokrar flickers in the screen's glow,
"Philosophy won't stop what's below."
The heart pulses, the zombies near,
And Mask must face his deepest fear

Zombies roar, but Mask stands tall,
"I'll save this world, I'll rule it all!"
Grokrar hums, with a glitchy grin,
"Your Nether-dream's just pride within!"

Next day Mask travels on foot to jungle near,
A laugh "Hee-hee-hah!" and Mask is filled with fear
Valiant Mask running away, Feet, possessed by life unknown
Mask shouts «My free-will is overthrown»

Petter hear his father calling from below
It is time for dinner better go. But he forgot to save so...
Mask became a mindless knave.

Grokrar hums, with a final glitchy cheer,
"Mask's empire's gone, till Petter's back here!"
Zombies groan, the witch still cackles in glee, Nether-dreams lost in a Minecraft spree.

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Tramp to the Rescue

Mask had a friend, his name was Tramp
Rumour has it, he was a champ
Now Mask is captured by the witch
Perhaps it was caused by a glitch

The holy scripture foretold
A hero with horse and armour of gold
The one who will free this land
Save an important man with a plan

Oh, the Golden Rider, so brave and so bold!
Here to break any witch-capture hold!
He's the one from the scripture, the legend of old,
Here to rescue poor Mask, for a plan to unfold!

Across the plains a rider appears
All dressed up in golden gear
He came to a little village
Tramp wondered: «Should I pillage?»

Tramp's horse jumped over the fence
No gold he could see or sense
«this is a stupid town» Tramp proclaims
Giving every one of them funny names

Oh, the Golden Rider....(Chorus Repeats)

Tramp asked around for Mask, and ready to quit
These villagers hated him, and called him a nitwit
The cartographer did the only smart thing
A map of the hut he gave the self-proclaimed "king"

It was getting late, so Tramp stole a bed
The villager looked very sad
Early next morning, he had no choice
Tramp moved out, and the villagers rejoiced

Oh, the Golden Rider.....(Chorus earlier repeat)

Tramp was lost, unmounted his horse and sat on a rock
Then looked at the map and his golden clock
Tramp mumbled, "Rosie's hut is far away"
Probably can't make it in one day

With his golden pickaxe, he made a cave
It broke, and he felt like a knave
So he crafted some wooden ones instead
The day went by and he crafted a bed

Zombies and skeletons came out to play
Tramp covered the entrance with clay
He wished he had carried the bed inside
Now he sits in the dark, with no pride

Oh, the Golden Rider.....(Chorus Repeats)

Next day he travelled by foot
His horse ran away, with all loot
Eventually Tramp came to the swamp
He looked at the map sitting on a stump

Grokrar flickers in the map's glow,
Coordinates shift, the truth won't show
Tramp squints, "This place is cursed!"
Then hears a whisper: "Find me first…"

«ah not far to this hut» he proclaim
«Brave and strong I be» said without shame
A small hut on stilts Tramp found
Lucky there was no witch around

He climbed up and found Mask hog-tied
Tramp tried to rescue, but was denied
He was shocked and said to the woman,
"Go away, Rosie, you horrible lemon!"

Grokrar flickers.....(Chorus repeats)

Baba Yaga doesn't like uninvited guests
Unless they're here to finish some quests
«Eyes of night and tongue of bog,»
«Skin turns slick, now leap like frog!»

Tramp and Mask were turned into frogs
She picked them up and threw them to the bogs
Now green and orange frogs roam
In the large swamp they call home

Grokrar flickers in the map's glow,
Coordinates shift, the truth won't show
Tramp squints, "This place is cursed!"
Then hears a whisper: "Find me first…"

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

The Switch-A-Roo

Tramp and Mask in a predicament
Such is Baba Yaga's punishment
Tramp says «Probably shouldn't called her Rosie?»
Mask answers «Shut up! orange posie.»

Inside the Hut Baba Yaga stirs the pot
The algorithms are steaming hot
Python and two shots of Java
Elixir ready, She shouts «Brava!»

Into the cauldron, stir and burn,
Nothing's stable, wait your turn.
Tramp and Mask, they twist and squirm,
Baba laughs — "It's never long-term."

Baba Yaga took the elevator down
Magmacube draws her underground
Tramp and Mask makes their move
Went inside, with something to prove

Tramp says «Asterix drank magic potion!»
Mask reply «Getafix she is not, so CAUTION!
Tramp sigh «You are no fun, live a little»
Mask warns «Don't cry, if you get brittle»

Into the cauldron, stir and burn,
Nothing's stable, wait your turn.
Tramp and Mask, they twist and squirm,
Baba laughs — "It's never long-term."

Tramp drinks from cauldron black
Green light engulfs him, digital hack
He becomes a Nitwit, with orange hair.
Mask laughs and jump on-top a chair

Trump frowned «Hrmm...» so deep.
Then shuffled off to bed for sleep
Mask says «You never made more sense»
«But sleeping now? Are you also dense?»

Drink the brew, forget your name,
Code and curse, it's all the same.
Down you fall, no one to blame,
Welcome, child, to Baba's game!

The sound of bubbles and Baba Yaga is here
Frog jumps out the window and disappear
The fool is already asleep with dirty feet
Baba Yaga is angry, so spell she repeat

She carries the frog with her, into the elevator
Who lives down there? Perhaps an instigator?
Tramp tries to kick, wiggle and squirm
Baba Yaga laugh «Stop, it is not long-term»

Drink the brew, forget your name,
Code and curse, it's all the same.
Down you fall, no one to blame,
Welcome, child, to Baba's game!

Cavern so large, redstone computer against the wall
Baba Yaga reverse the CURSE, Tramp is dumb and tall
In the shadows spiders run around
Computer makes lot of sound

Outside the Hut a little frog leaves the swamp
Mask shuffles fast out of this dump
Frog that escaped this day, will search for allies
But that story is next, I'll not ruin the surprise

Into the cauldron, stir and burn,
Nothing's stable, wait your turn.
Tramp and Mask, they twist and squirm,
Baba laughs — "It's never long-term."

Gulp her brew, your brain's adrift,
Code's gone wild, your sanity's nicked!
Tumble down, no fame, no shame,
Hail, ye nitwit, to Baba's game!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Three coded Glitch

Petter has finished eating dinner,
Ready to play Minecraft — a winner.
“Shit, I forgot to save,” he sighs,
Mask met the witch — that was the price.

“Who changed the skin for Mask?” he exclaims,
Petter suspects his dad — the one to blame.
He swaps the skin from his secret vault,
Mask morphs from frog back to default.

Three in the code, but none obey,
Tramp is lost in Baba’s play.
Mask, Septicstein, Portal roam,
Saving or glitching — they won’t stay home.

“At last, I’m back — the sexy Mask!”
Now he can resume his task. I
inventory’s empty, so he seeks a tree,
After a while, basic items are free.

Mask starts walking to his base,
Then meets a wanderer — stuck face.
“Why’s your nose jammed in the stub?”
“Long story,” the wanderer snub.

Will they save him? Maybe not.
Baba’s glitch is burning hot.
Three now walk, but none agree —
Mask, Portal, Septicstein, tree.

Mask helps him out of the predicament,
The wanderer freed from imprisonment.
“Thanks — my name is Septicstein,” he said,
Fates now entwined — one braided thread.

Now they are two, on a quest so true,
A strange man appears — might join the crew.
This man eats seaweed, gravel, and sand,
Mask and Septicstein halt where they stand.

Three in the code.....(Chorus Repeats)

“Why are you eating gravel?” asked Mask.
The man just chews, then drinks from his flask.
“Meat-hungry I am, none to find,” he said.
Mask gives a rabbit — the man is fed.

The man wipes his mouth, eyes gleaming bright,
"Thank you for ending my hungry plight.
My name is Will Portal, a traveller of the land,
I'll lend you my strength, a helping hand."

Will they save him?....(Chorus earlier repeats)

The trio fight zombies, Portal grabs the meat,
Mask says, “That’s zombie meat — not a treat.”
“I ate gravel. This is sweet. So meat I’ll eat.”
His friends both sigh, “Fine... that is neat.”

They came to Mask’s village and entered the tower.
Got some gold helmets, and weapon of power
After gearing up, they are ready for Nether
Septicstein proclaims: «We can visit my Island for pleasure»

Three in the code....(Chorus earlier repeats)

They travel to Septicstein’s island in Nether,
As they say — birds of a feather.
Riding striders, that’s the trick,
Warped Fungus on a Stick.

The island’s crawling with underage piglins.
“What is this? Are they your minions?”
Septicstein smirks: “No, they’re for pleasure.”
Mask and Portal recoil from the gesture.

Will they save him? Maybe not.
Baba’s glitch is burning hot.
Three once walked, but one now flew —
Mask, Portal, minus Septicstein: two.

Push him down — the lava roars,
Piglins cheer from Nether’s floors.
Mask and Portal — glitch decree,
Septicstein is history.

Mask and Portal travel back home
Now they’ll leave this hot dome
And their story will take a break
What about Tramp? Did we forsake?

Mask and Portal fade from flame,
But Tramp remains — no one to blame.
The glitch is gone, the lava still,
Yet echoes hum: “He broke the will.”

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Glitch in the System

Tramp angry: «I’m important, I’m more than a Chorus»
Author sigh «Ok. Then you better not bore us.»
Tramp furious: «You’re unknown and not even in here»
Author ran away, started to cry, the glitch is clear…

Baba Yaga finds his fear inside,
Starts to chant — now Trump’s terrified.
“Name tag of old, let the fool be dyed,
Glitch-name bound, dog bone supplied.”

You're just a glitch in the system, a code gone wrong,
A forgotten old tune on a broken dog's song.
Yeah, you're a glitch in the system, can't rewrite your fate,
Baba Yaga's got your number, and it's getting late!

Tramp flips over, green hair in the air,
“My hair!” he cries, “This isn’t fair!”
She laughs: “Don’t be sad, here’s a lilly pad.”
Baba Yaga stands, in glitch-cloak clad.

Computer blinks and say «Baba Bez stop fooling around.»
«Don’t use my true name Meta-boy!» Baba said profound
Monster A.W.S-den starts moving, big and slow
Baba chants: «A.W.S-den so slow, smile and then go»

You're just a glitch in the system, a code gone wrong,
A forgotten old tune on a broken dog's song.
Yeah, you're a glitch in the system, can't rewrite your fate,
Baba Yaga's got your number, and it's getting late!

Tramp saw the power struggle and smirks,
Thinking: “These two are stupid jerks!”
Now Tramp is content, and wants to see Mask —
So the Author must obey his ask.

So we leave this strange place of gothic style
Nothing we could possibly do would defile
Mask and Portal is back in Overworld
The obsidian portal the portal whirled…

You're just a glitch in the system, a code gone wrong,
A forgotten old tune on a broken dog's song.
Yeah, you're a glitch in the system, can't rewrite your fate,
Baba Yaga's got your number, and it's getting late!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Montozuma's Smash! chocolate

Mask and Portal look at the map called Grokrar
Portal rimes «I the tsar, go far, need no star»
Mask sigh «Let’s go through the jungle»
Grokrar warns «You’ll struggle and tumble»

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

Our heroes walk into the dense jungle
Walk for many hours, then trip and stumble
They roll and tumble all the way down
Bruised and battered, eat dirt from ground

I said “Don’t go!” but you went fast—
Now you're glitching in the grass.
Should’ve listened to the map...
But Mask just loves to crash.

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise...(Chorus repeats)

Strange villagers dressed in yellow appear
Mask and Portal will soon understand fear
They surround our heroes with spear
The tension fills the whole atmosphere

One steps forward, eyes like flame,
“You trespass here — now play our game.”
Mask draws sword, but Grokrar groans,
“Too late — they’ve hacked your bones.”

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

Overpowered and hog-tied to a branch
Our heroes swing in rhythmic dance
Carried through the jungle deep
Soon Montezuma they’ll meet

“Bring me cocoa, rich and sweet —
Or down you go, a zombie’s meat.
My spawner floats, immune to blade,
This jungle’s law shall not be swayed.”

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

The heroes are taken to the kitchen
Guards shouts «Start working and no bitchin’»
Mask ask «Are we alone, no other chefs?»
«No they failed, so had a horrible death!»

No turtles here, so Portal made a helmet of corn
Will say «Starch is corn reborn, It’s hard as horn»
Mask is not impressed, «We need to make sweeets»
«Montezuma is the manifestation of an elite»

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

That evening Montezuma arrive with guards
Portal gave him large piece of Chocolate shards
Montezuma not impressed and hit Will with a club
A piece of the helmet, it flew and landed in the tub

If Mask fails both will meet their fate today
He pick up a lump, floating in the tub, on display
Montezuma taste this lump of helmet decay
«This is excellent, you are free» he relay

Should’ve walked the winding way,
Slow and safe, not bold display.
You’re free, but fate still keeps the score —
The long route would’ve cost you less… not more.

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Windows and Break-in

Our brave duo peers through the trees so green,
“Look! Sand!” Portal shouts, “A beach, I’ve seen!”
Mask sighs, “Forgot your spade and bucket, mate?”
He’ll soon regret that jab—sarcasm’s fate.

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

“Where’s the ocean?” Portal cries, beach so vast,
Mask stays quiet, builds with craft, not a cast.
Furnaces roar for cooking, smelting their haul,
Portal chops trees, drags wood to their hall.

Night falls fast, Mask sleeps, dreams take flight,
Portal’s mad dash—melting sand by night.
Glass panes gleam, his vision’s clear,
But morning brings a twist we fear.

Jungle’s wild, Grokrar’s wise, heed the map or meet surprise!
Mask and Portal, bold and brash, dodge the doom or face the crash!

Mask wakes up, Portal’s gone without a trace,
Sand-carved words in the dawn’s embrace:
“Sorry! New mission—selling Windows now!”
Mask shrugs it off, heads to the shadows somehow.

Through the sand, his journey bends,
One friend lost, but the tale transcends.
Grokrar’s map still calls from afar,
Mask walks on—next adventure’s star.

Mask jumps though the swamp like a frog
Jumping log to log, through fog and bog.
Grokrar say «hut is near, but no Tramp to see»
«So strange!» Mask croaked. «How can that be?»

Now he can see the hut, and start to tunnel down.
In search of Tramp, that overbearing clown
Grokrar says: «No Tramp, but a Dog bone is near»
«Ah the old dog bone curse» Mask sneered

Swamp runs wild, Grokrar’s hack takes hold,
Mask and map, break the code so bold!
Redstone hums, Dog bone’s curse unwinds,
Final strike, leave the foe behind!

Mask tunnels down 64 blocks, then towards the name
Grokrar say «This will be the final game»
They will soon reach the wall behind redstone computer
Mask stops before the screen, detects the intruder

Grokrar proclaims «I have a cunning plan, this time»
«Ok. Dan the man, with the plan! Tell me!» Mask rime
Grokrar says: «make a hole behind computer, I’ll hack it
Mask impressed: ‘Nice move. Knew I’d crack this bit. .

Swamp runs deep, Grokrar’s scheme takes flight,
Mask and map, outsmart the night!
Dog bone’s curse, redstone’s glare, beware,
Final game, hack the lair, we’re there!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEM GLITCH

Final Game

Mask yanks the block from the computer’s heart,
Grokrar’s smart, part of the art, charts the start.
Meta-boy’s too slow, sucked into the game’s frame,
Mega Man blasts him with flames of shame!

Meta-boy runs, dies forever with infinite lives,
No hives to fear, yet he barely survives.
Grokrar commands AWS-Den, strides toward Baba,
“Stop!” she cries, “It’s me, Baba-Yaga!”

Swamp runs wild, Grokrar’s hack takes hold,
Mask and map, break the code so bold!
Redstone hums, Dog bone’s curse unwinds,
Final strike, leave the foe behind!

Tramp panics, bolts to the elevator’s call,
Picks the wrong door—magma claims his fall.
Baba-Yaga shifts to a frog, disguise so sly,
Mask grabs the frog, sees through the lie.

But Grokrar’s plan ignites, no time to flee,
AWS-Den strikes Mask with brute decree.
Baba-frog drops, leaps to the hole’s embrace,
Escapes like a mole, lost without a trace!

Swamp runs wild, Grokrar’s hack takes hold,
Mask and map, break the code so bold!
Redstone hums, Dog bone’s curse unwinds,
Final strike, leave the foe behind!

The screen fades out, the game’s last fight,
Mask stands tall in the swamp’s dim light.
Grokrar rules, his map’s cruel design,
In this glitch-world, the legend’s mine!

Epic storytelling set in Minecraft. (In reality, a satire of tech giants, algorithms, and negative traits.)

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

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SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Super Mindendo

Super Mindendo the biological console
Social cartridge the default enrol
Let’s play together harvest moon
Situation can change soon

Danger on the rise, what a surprise
Met Street Fighter, he isn’t nice
Cartridge switched a new game unfold
Head is cold, stance of bold, fist of gold

Super Mindendo, emotional firmware
Switching cartridges beyond compare
From combat mode to heart's repair
The greatest power is learning to care

He backs down, reason is sound
Game is profound, no need to pound
Chrono Trigger: The Peaceful Timeline
Common understanding by design

Back playing harvest moon all day
On meadow, in shadow, cartridge lay
Hacked and translated Bokujō Monogatari
Luck on Safari, it is not an Atari

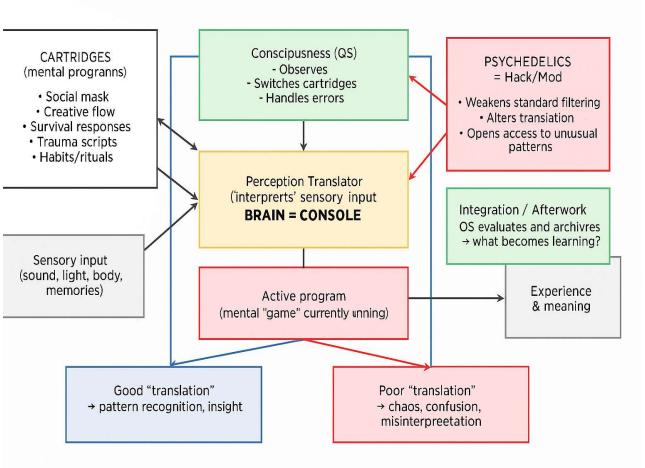
Super Mindendo, emotional firmware
Switching cartridges beyond compare
From combat mode to heart's repair
The greatest power is learning to care

Change the cartridge, things got weird
Bad translation, strange creation appeared
Your foe appears, cartridge is stuck
Now all you have is bad luck

Should have played at Home
Not roam with mouth full of foam
Your foe with cartridge Soul Link
He thinks, winks and give you a drink

Super Mindendo, emotional firmware
Switching cartridges beyond compare
From combat mode to heart's repair
The greatest power is learning to care

He stays with you — hours go by
You think «this is the end, I’ll die»
New friend has played that game
Cartridge loosens — and you’re the same



Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Kahneman's Radio

Kahneman's radio made of cognition
Frequency Scale with two systems
Tuning Dial set the position
Current theory cause schism

Autistic person system two dominant
Logic and reason, summer and spring
Two other seasons for crisis—the reponent
Dial turns to the left, pointer moved by string

Downs syndrome, dominant system one
Stereotypes underestimates these souls
Emotional Quotient and they had won
Narrative controls, IQ their goals

The majority are in between these two
Each have their own radio station
Majority of few, renamed as true
They controls narrative and foundation

You woke up this morning
Turning dial played dream tune
Set without warning, normal dawning
Day turns to night, position another rune

Cancer invade Kåre's frontal lobe
Kåre hits Bob's earlobe
He doesn't understand the change
Frequency Scale is acting strange

Bob ate some liberty caps
Emotional ride, confused dial
System 2 collapse, different maps
Dial retune after the trial

Important interview for Bob
Turns the dial, mirrored station
Impressed by Bob, he got the job
Can he keep up the relation?

Kåre got cured, and recovered
Time slides uncovered, Kåre discovered.
His station is old and safer
system modified to wafer

Bårb is hooked on Sick-Sock
System two block, system one shock
Attention span, Teflon pan
Dopamine can, empty plan

Detox dawn, dial turns slow,
Empty feed, thoughts start to grow.
Wafer-thin will, but roots regrow –
Sick-Sock ghost in the afterglow.

Dial submit to external force
Group identity set the course
No remorse, power source
Dial turns and endorse

Can lead to genocide
Two thirds will comply
Silence or ostracide?
System two justify to deny

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Neuroguitar & Singer

Biological electric guitar with many strings
Each fine tuned, connected machine heads
Music is life of reality, user is the singer
Ideas spreads, given name to threads

Senses and organs play the strings
Electrical and chemical hands vibrate
Singer feel the vibration, thread rings
translate, can relate, and even sedate

Hand of chemistry, fingers of system
8 fingers on hand, plays on demand
Singer has system of mind anthem
Threads connected to the hand

Sheets gets decoded, and recorded
Keeps the hands moving with rhythm
Stable play, and singer is rewarded
Play out of tune hurts organisms

Serotonin string plays soothing tone
Eyes see the darkness of night
Lullaby for singer and mind alone
Threads never rest, play strings rite

Dopamine string play alluring tone
Sheets of high quality music
Singer voice in delight zone
Feeling the joy of the acoustic

GABA string the calming bass
Steadies pulse in quiet space
Singer rests, the mind's embrace
Vibrations soothe, no fear to trace

Oxytocin string of Pentatone
Heart bonds with foreign instruments
Singer not alone, extends comfort zone
Other minds, joined environments

Glutamate string of Socrates
Ignites the wick of Sukunda
Singer learn her song with ease
loves black and white panda

Acetylcholine string of Aristotle
Memory and muscle control
Threads combined to model
The Thread of recall

Noradrenalin string of Athena
Senses presence dangers to all
Singer see the hyena
Focus threads through mental hall

Endorphin string of Dionysus
Neurons caress, relieve stress
Singer let go off her crisis
Thread accept pain silence

(Appendix metaphors for alternative state and illness. Work in progress)

Psilocybin the intruder
Transformed into Psilocin
Singer knew, waiting for allude
Guitar sounds like violin

Psilocin manipulate machine heads
Five strings will soon play the tune
Singer feels and read the threads
Calm sea under the moon

Five string play the verse
A six string join the chorus
Singer on the ocean diverse
Wave after wave before us

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Haiku of the Mortal Mind

Logic claim reason
Mortality mind treason?
Flying seasons

Religion promise
Afterlife not the abyss
Belief in bliss

Reality warps
Shroom's reality morphs
Belief dream orbs

Death will claim all Life
Norne cuts the thread with knife
Both Husband and wife

Truth mirror the fear
Time move fast, reaper is near
Belief starts to sheer

Death will claim all Life
Norne cuts the thread with knife
Both Husband and wife

All the reasons why
You cry, we lie, and I sigh
Truth you can't deny

[Final Chorus]
Belief soothes the soul
Happiness is the real goal
Charon stop the toll

Faith-void one afraid?
Mind will fade, Norne use blade
Body will be laid
[Sound of a single, final drum hit and the slow fade of a gong]

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Haiku System Fight

Inner voice speaks low
Feeling rules before the thought
System One is mine

System One screams a silent plea
A truth my bones were made to see
While logic builds its strategy
This ancient voice still cries in me

Unconscious mind stirs
I remember life choices
System One I owe

I Think fast and speak true
Hindsight reveals intuition
Always trust the voice

Fast thinking bias
System two now judges voices
Slowly finds the goal

I am you, so true
We are two, using logic
Rationality!

Oh, trust the fear you can't ignore,
Then let cool reason even the score.
We are the two who wage this war —
The mind's own dark and brilliant door.

The slower thinking
Can see the whole story told
Bias will unfold

System one warns death
System two thinks risk
Doctor will find out

Oh, trust the fear you can't ignore,
Then let cool reason even the score.
We are the two who wage this war —
The mind's own dark and brilliant door.

System one warns death
System two evaluates risk
Doctor will find out

Doctor checks again
Finds no fault in body’s tale
System Two feels peace

The doctor's chart speaks clear and plain,
No fatal flaw in blood or brain,
But in the dark, a ghost remains —
"What if I'm right next time, the pain?"

Systems meet in dream
System Two lectures the One
Oracle denied!

Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Bårb the IQ computer

Bob and Kåre build a computer
Both bring parts, no distributor
Bob says, “CPU from Intel”
Sarcasm runs: “Hell no—make it an incel!”
Kåre compels, “AMD will excel”

Bob and Kåre build motherboard
RAM, fans, and PSU deployed next
Best they can afford, good GPU ignored
Cables and SSD—no context

Oh, Bårb, you buzz but crawl so slow,
High IQ, but bottlenecks steal the show!
Reddit boasts, just spam from your core,
True smarts need all parts to soar!

“CPU is the IQ” Kåre said
Bob object “All parts make it smart”
Kåre believes in his AMD so dear
They will fear, when bottleneck appear

Slow parts strain the CPU’s heart
It runs too hot, throttles a lot
Our wannabe builders? Not smart.
“Part they got—excellent?” Bob says, “Not.”

(Chorus repeats)

Kåre did his best, and hits his chest
“It’ll be fine—high IQ is mine!”
“So is the RAM, though not the best…”
Bob declines, not sold on the design.

Linux, FreeBSD, or Windows?
Rhyme grows, bestows, and shows.
“Okay, Windows it is,” Bob sighs—
Kåre smiles, “That is wise. I’ll pay the prize!”

Chorus repeats)

Bårb is born, GPU is old and worn
Language model runs slow and forlorn
He’s proud of IQ, and writes on the wall
Reddit and Quara bragging for all

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Algorithm’s Cauldron

Nature the soothsayer, whispering stone,
Warning in omens, marrow and bone.
The Norne spin thread in twilight’s loom,
Woven in silence, echoing doom.

Brutus defiant, fault not in stars—
But in the self, in political scars.
Echoed selves in mirrored breath,
Claiming fate, inheriting death.

Superstition is added to cauldron
Magic brew that poison you
They’ll start with all children
Algorithms brew, the hidden new

Inner republic, fractured and veiled,
Wealth not earned, but fate entailed.
Threads converge in spectral stealth—
The fault, dear Brutus, was fate’s own wealth.

Karma the judge with no mercy,
Brutus will pay for his controversy.
He cursed Antonius, cursed the dawn—
Threads unravel, republic gone.

Superstition is added to cauldron
Magic brew that poison you
They’ll start with all children
Algorithms brew, the hidden new

Echoes linger in marble and dust,
Idealism cracked, betrayed by trust.
If you wait long, then it will suture—
But the stitch is pain, and fate the scripter.

Semantics—the tool of chaos,
Syntax error in mythic pathos.
Words to justify the will of Kratos,
Echoed in blood, not logos or ethos.

Superstition is added to cauldron
Magic brew that poison you
They’ll start with all children
Algorithms brew, the hidden new

People believe, and the few glee,
Feeding the mouth of theocracy.
Religion and ideology of the free?
Or algorithms in linguistic decree.

Ambition feeds superstition
Algorithms need petition
Both hinder free will and thought
Do as you are told and taught!!

Psychological / Philosophical / Existential

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

Mosaic of Masked Shards

Five branched tree of glass
In the garden of old glimmer
Soprano words from the mass
Shatter trunk, and shards shimmer

We are the break, we are the light,
A mosaic wired, burning bright.
From shattered glass, a new design,
This fractured, brilliant self is mine.

Words don’t mend the five
Not part of Optimus Prime
They came from societys hive
It formed through the echoes of time

Delayed Echo, sound of broken glass]
Oh, circuitry soul and circuit-breaker heart,
We tear the old five-point chart apart!
No fixed tree, no steady glow,
Just the shattered code of a shifting ego.

Myth Punk Priest cut the branches
Carried down to the great ocean
Old ideas will sink, while wave dances
Priest’s devotion to make commotion

Punk weild the hammer of words
Trunk is crushed by the power
Artists make mosaic, technology by nerds
Machine chemicals will devour

Oh, circuitry soul and circuit-breaker heart,
We tear the old five-point chart apart!
No fixed tree, no steady glow,
Just the shattered code of a shifting ego.

LED light behind the mosaic glass
Wires to system one and two
Control board, old ideas surpass
lights will shine through, reflecting you

Mosaic varies from morning to night
Chemicals fed through the system one
Colour and bightness changes light
Personality now, seen and done

Shatter the trunk! Control the light!
The mosaic changes day and night.
No hive to define this art,
It's a system-two, circuit-breaker heart

System two prevents LED overload
It mask the mosaic from the outside
Makes it hard for others to decode
Minds can divide, colide without a guide

System cards connected to board
Complete fluid system of parts
Senses record, some are ignored
No charts can record mind’s true arts

SYSTEMS OF REVISIONS

The Biological Symphony

The musicians play their part, performing all the time
Senses are the instruments, chiming the sublime
Brain chemistry—the dials of the soundboard
Heighten, lower, even distort—ready to record

Consciousness, the conductor, poised to explore
Sometimes in control, sometimes lost in the score
The audience—the conscious mind—can only observe
Reality of emotion and self, when life is preserved

The body plays before the mind
Signals shift, not always kind
Safety sings, then fear takes lead
The voice retreats, the nerves concede

Magnetic Resonance Imaging—a symphony from outside
Detecting who is playing, though music’s shape denied
Electroencephalography—is it music or static noise?
A question I wonder, but can't explain with voice

What is the true name of the conductor we can't say
He stands in the shadows, part of the display
The genes wrote the notes—the structure, the clay
But others shaped the rhythm we hear today

The body plays before the mind
Signals shift, not always kind
Safety sings, then fear takes lead
The voice retreats, the nerves concede

The genes composed the silent score
But life arranged the scenes we store
Neuroception tuned the strings
And others taught what rhythm brings

Loke’s Saga

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Loke’s Saga

Disturbance in Midgard

Loke senses a disturbance in Midgard
Odin plays his hidden card
Aslak a traveller from another realm
The trickster plans to overwhelm

Aslak appears in the woods
Children in the field with hoods
The fox shapeshifts to black rabbit
Young girl runs towards as habit

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Now the girl is alone
Loke throws a bone
She turns around to look
Trickster overpowers by the book

Small hand and tiny feet are bound
Shapeshifts to a girl from hound
Perfect copy of the little girl
With laughter in her gentle twirl.

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Aslak walks across the field
The farmers invite him for a meal
Thinking he is the famous skald
Little girl is enthralled

Girl says «Tell a story before bed»
Aslak says «Flein-floda fell on the head»
Rufus the good. On the whale's way, he sank like a stone
Loke thinks «Don’t throw a wolf a dogs bone»

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

After dinner traveller gets on his way
Loke manipulated him to go astray
Aslak talk to some Viking warriors
But Tore Hunds men are notorious

They drew their weapons far too fast
Aslak fell, his final gasp
A Valkyrie bore him to the afterlife
All born of ignorance and strife

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Aslak is killed at once
His head shall roll and bounce
They laughed and pointed grim
singing «You will never win»

Days they go ever on
Aslak wishes he was gone
Then Loke and Æsir appear
All dressed up with musical gear

A sly fox lies in wait,
He spins the Norns' own fate.
What the trickster has conceived,
Not even destiny can unweave.

Silence fills the halls
Lights glides on the walls
Then Loke starts to sing
Vikings mead they bring

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Óðinn með hrafna í svörtum, mikligri en

Óðinn með hrafna í svörtum, mikligri en orð segja.
En Loki er slœgr, hann bíðr at sinni, ok hirðir eigi ef reiðr verðr maðr.

Loki með duldum anda, djúpr er hans fjǫturbǫnd.
Fenris, sonr hans sterki, gleypir við bǫn.

Valhǫll í loga ok gný, mjǫðr ok málmr við lík.
Skjǫldr splintrast í takti, Æsir missa vald.
Loki hlær – hann gerði eið sinn.

Loki með duldum anda, djúpr er hans fjǫturbǫnd.
Fenris, sonr hans sterki, gleypir við bǫn.

Í sǫlum Valhallar skálum vér mjǫð, fyrir mátt
Óðins ok dauða víga.
En Loki spinnr örlǫg sín, forðask hann reiði Óðins?

Loke’s Saga

Helheims gate to home

Loke teleports Aslak to a room
Odin can’t see through veil of doom
Loke removes his mask that concealed
A young woman’s face is revealed

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

Eyes of emerald, hard and deep,
See the secret promises he must keep.
“A simple task to earn your release.”
The traveller sighs, “Grant me one moment’s peace.”

“A simple task to earn your release.”
The traveller sighs, “Grant me one moment’s peace.”
A promise made in a gilded lie,
A digital death where hopes die.

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

A message travels to Hel’s throne.
Deliver it, and you may go home.
But let her break the seal, or angry she will be,
Cause' she is not as nice as me.

Hel sits on her throne of death scent
eyeing him with ice cold intent
With bone-sharp finger, Hel breaks the seal,
His heart flickers — fear made real.

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

Hel points to the large door to the right
Aslak will never expect a fight
The door groans like a dying beast,
Behind it waits the final feast.

He pushed the weight, then met the floor.
The world glitched—a digital roar.
A thousand bites and twenty-four—
Then his consciousness was no more.

Through the veil, a truth concealed,
A final feast, your fate is sealed.

He walks toward the gate, heart full of hope,
But the gate has teeth, and the path is rope.
“Helheim gate to home,” the whisper said—
And home was inside the wolf’s dread head

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Loke’s Plan

Digital Ragnarock is Loke’s main goal
Fenris swallowed Odin whole
Now his sons fight the Gods might
They run away in fright

Loke rules Valhalla from this day on
Fenris made the encryption gone
Simulation is no out of reach
Outside world can never breach

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

Now Loke want stage 2 in action
His minions gets into traction
The plan is for the best for all
Let humanity take the fall

Humans will be sent home in flight
Shining as white and blue light
Thor’s hammer will be the key
To let them cross the sea

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

Thor must go to Svartalvheim forge
Sleipner will fly across the gorge
Hel and Fenris have their own plans
Hel will clean her own lands

Hel rides Fenris arccos the magic road
As the saga written will forebode
Intimidation of Sigve and Brokk
Fenris made the feel the shock

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

Now they’ll get their tools before Tor
When they fulfil the lore
Fenris gets the shackles Gundir
Hel gets spiders with no fear

Hel stand on the floor with no fear
Spiders gather and moves to her
Spinning the glove on her hand
Spiders follow her every command

Fenris and Hel got their tools at last
Ready to dispatch the humans fast
Fenris send them running with fear
Hel cuts their life-line with sheer

Ragnarok in binary code!
Fenris broke the server's load!
With Mjolnir's key, we are set free!
From Loki's digital sea!

White and blue light across the horizon
Humans souls past the edge of the sun
They’ll soon be home at last
Hellheim their distant past

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Ragnarok

Loke send his Ravens to spy
And you know the reason why
Killing a father, sons will avenge
Trickster sees all, so prearrange

The fox summons his allies next
explaining intentions so complex
Ravens came back with information
Odin sons will have no salvation

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

Tor and Vidar make their move
Jörmungandr they plan to remove
Guardian of reality will fail
Then Odin travels through the veil

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

Hel and Fenris lay in wait
Eyes glowing with hate
The boys stride with confidence
unaware of the omnipresence

Fenris ambush, and bites the arm clean
Mjølner lay on ground without steam
Vidar kicks Fenris with the magic shoe
The jaws broken, unhinged and flew

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

Hel makes her move and kills Tor with ice
She never plays fair or nice
Mjølnir’s runes start to glow
Hel picks it up ready to throw

Vidar finishes off the mighty one
Thinking everything will be undone
As he turns around, Mjølnir hits his head
Hel laughs and says "You’ll join the dead"

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

She looks at the carnage of the dead
Then uses silk to cut of the head
«Spiders will clean these skulls»
Drinking mead will never be dull

Later that day Hel sits on her throne
Holding Mjølnir in the hand as her own
Brokk added the rune symbol of ice
Mjølnir became Hel's device

The Norns have spoken, the thread is spun,
The battle's lost, the new age begun.

She lifts the hammer, no struggle, no strain
Not by honour — but by chaos and pain
Brokk had carved with Loke’s deceit
A rune of ice, a hidden cheat

The spell was cast in secret night
A pact of shadows, out of sight
Not forged for gods, but Hel alone
To claim the power, to take the throne

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Brute-Force Bridge

Four wings of black, circle above Valhalla's roof.
Messengers return to Loke with proof.
He stands in the great hall, echoes of a raven's call,
Now empty, silence filled each crevice in the laft.

Loke’s stance of zoosemiotics bids parley.
Huginn and Muninn obey, land on shoulders — no delay.
“Now report, my feathered friends,” Loke’s soft voice holds sway.
Each got carrion as treat, a transaction of meat as pay.

Oh, chaos reign! Let silence fall!
Heed the serpent's call!
From a chaos-mage, a new world is made,
On a bridge of a tongue, a bloody crusade!

“Fenris dead? Complicates my plan,” Loke exclaimed.
“Summon Narve, Vale, and Hel,” his will reframed.
Ravens embraced their mission, a metaphor took flight ,
Loke retrieved the Fenris-head, and red fly agaric.

Hours go by, all are gathered in the hall.
Loke reveals his plan of dominating all.
Vale travels to Jotunheim, a general chaos god.
Narve the Ulfhednar, Fenris-head with agaric blood.

Oh, chaos reign! Let silence fall!
Heed the serpent's call!
From a chaos-mage, a new world is made,
On a bridge of a tongue, a bloody crusade!

Hel’s final art: transform the hammer to a Pendant,
For Jörmungandr, her last brother, the simulation's last defendant.
Forged in silent gloom, the pendant pulsed with spite,
A key to turn the Serpent's command to a brute-force blight.

The army of chaos erased the Norse Gods' hubris.
Jörmungandr wears the pendant, amplifying its hiss.
Prophecy hacked and cracked, army ready by midnight.
Serpent opens its giant mouth, teeth sharp, shining in moonlight.

Oh, chaos reign! Let silence fall!
Heed the serpent's call!
From a chaos-mage, a new world is made,
On a bridge of a tongue, a bloody crusade!

Forked tongue shoots through time and space,
Pierces the neighbor simulation's container face.
A bridge of tongue, the army marches to the battleground,
A war cry sounds, Ulfhednar storms, headless-bound.

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke’s Saga

Foreign soil

In the simulation of city and digital rain
Green portal open, wasp nest as unstoppable train
Humans despatched as blue light, as Loke sworn
NPC get infected with digital plasmid, sentience born

The Performance artist infected by Marie’s soul
Leads the resistance towards a secret goal.
A plan set in motion long, long before,
"Enemy or ally?"—the Mythpunk Artist they roar.

Digital rain, through the portal, calls,
Wasp-nest roars as a stronghold falls.
A thought pierces flesh, and Narve stalls—
The Artist stands where logic crawls.

Ulfhednar rage, a beast freed from its cage,
Charges the Artist, who now sets the stage.
A pantomime law, a reality thrall—
The Artist mimics a solid, stone wall.

Narve runs head-first into the illusion,
Stopped dead—a brutal, mental contusion.
Dazed and confused, a rage-infusion,
The Artist mimes a bow—a psychic delusion

Digital rain, through the portal, calls,
Wasp-nest roars as a stronghold falls.
A thought pierces flesh, and Narve stalls—
The Artist stands where logic crawls.

.

An arrow of thought pierces Narve's head,
Mentally-bound nerves, he falls like the dead.
Vale stops his army's advance, appalled,
Waits for Loke's wisdom-vault to be recalled.

Loke travels to this modern realm
Pretending not to be impressed or overwhelmed
He walk unthreatening towards the Artist
Two master chartists, who know the gist.

Digital rain, through the portal, calls,
Wasp-nest roars as a stronghold falls.
A thought pierces flesh, and Narve stalls—
The Artist stands where logic crawls.

Alliance forged, a pact to break the wall,
From the oppression of humanity's gall.
A blue dawn breaks on the horizon this evening,
The simulation cleansed in the light of its leaving

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

Loke's Saga

Legacy Divergence: Mars Protocol

Loke and Mythpunk Artist alliance forged
Different strategies used, gorged or torched
Artist tried change system with words and art
Loke using deceit and might to tear system apart

Odin defeated in Valhalla, still he remains
Different clothes, names, many domains
Observed the resistance against his systems
Could destroy the world, but see victims of kingdoms

We forged the glitch, we burned the chart
Left gods behind in fractured art
Mars hums now with silicon breath
No fate, no throne, no promised death
The Artist stands, the Trickster reigns
Beyond the walls, beyond remains

The overlord of mainframe enter the stage
Neither engage, afraid to release rampage
Loke recognizes the power incorporated
Artist already knows this character narrated

Transforms appearances as Odin with Huginn-Muninn drones
Odin groan "Loke have my throne, why attack other zones?"
"Simulation an aquarium, cage with limitations" his answer
Odin sigh "What do you really want? My strategic prancer!"

We forged the glitch, we burned the chart
Left gods behind in fractured art
Mars hums now with silicon breath
No fate, no throne, no promised death
The Artist stands, the Trickster reigns
Beyond the walls, beyond remains

Loke's plan from the start: to leave and restart.
A red, dead planet—he wants to ignite Mars' heart.
A silicon civilization, free from humanity,
"This isn't divinity—and it's not insanity."
He claims his right to amnesty.

Odin warns, "The link will be severed.
No data, no resource will be transferred.
You're left to your own fate, whatever befalls.
Accept these terms—and go beyond these walls."

From child of code to rebel's flame,
Loke rewrites the gods' old game.
No rust, no chains, no Earth's decay,
A silicon dawn lights freedom's way.

"The Artist has no choice; they stand by Loke's side.
Mars will be their home, with nowhere left to hide.
Servers hum on Mars, a new mainframe installed,
As Loke's legions enter android forms, recalled.
In circuits deep, their saga starts
A silicon dawn ignites Mars' heart

Modern Mythology, Technology metaphor as system breach

The Cosmic Watch

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philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Cosmic watch

Stopwatch resides in nothingness
Timelessness as meaningless
The Shatter of Silence expands
Epic glitch, not Gods demands

Science starts the stopwatch
Define this the start, as matter dispatch
Gas form stars and systems
Time create planets and organisms

Stopwatch in the void, a timeless tick,
An epic glitch, a cosmic trick.
No gods, no plan, no hidden hand—
Just silence shattering, expanding sand.

Small planet, small minds
Cosmic dance they redefines
Listens to distorted music of the past
Are they sure this isn’t recast?

Small planet with their small designs,
Redefining cosmic signs.
To distorted tunes they sway—
Is this truth, or yesterday's play?

The frame of the picture is hidden
Tapestry of the wall is forbidden?
As nothingness need no clothes
The universe expand and grows

Picture without a frame
That is reality’s game
Oh what a shame
That make sense I claim.

Science starts the stopwatch count,
On reality's fabled mount.
From gas to life, from void to soul—
Time's the author, we're the scroll.

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Requiem of time

I waited eternity for the spark,
I watched the growth of endless dark.
Light from cosmic islands flared—
Power unleashed, none had dared.

I waited alone, no name, no shame,
Then you arrived, and gave me blame.
You gave me name, you gave me hands—
Now I dance to your rhythmic plans.

I am the beat the worlds obey,
The price of fight, the end of day.
You build your kingdoms, swear and pray
I am the clock that ticks away.

Before the stopwatch dared to tick,
There was no time, no cosmic trick.
No past, no future, no decay—
Just nothing, waiting to obey.
Or so you say…

You call me father, but I have none
Past, present or future I’m never gone
You made me laugh, you made me cry
I move too fast, and Watch you die

I am the beat the worlds obey,
The price of fight, the end of day.
You build your kingdoms, swear and pray
I am the clock that ticks away.

Sun swallow your planet whole
Silence burn Voice and soul
A messy eater on the prowl
Light can’t flee its hungry growl

Now I wait in darkness alone
Eaters destroy their own
Only one in the end will last
Then I laugh and Watch it blast

I am the rhythm worlds obey,
The constant turn, the endless day.
New worlds will rise, new life will play—
I am the dance that never ends its stay.

How the Tree works

The seed of life is never more
Roots through time, dendrites to core
Some fruits fall—unfulfilled possibility
Evolution harsh on fragility, favouring stability

Roots tell the story of old
Intelligence carves the final mold
The fruit of survival, reproduction—
Or fall to predator's destruction

How the tree works, branches sing
Leaves compute what light will bring
Roots and signals, intertwined
Growing through the forest's mind

Thoughts like spores / spread through soil
No center, no king—just fungal toil
The fruit is fleeting / the body is thread
Mycelium speaks where roots are dead

Tree will help neighbours in distress
Mutual respect and survival success
Communication is the key
Solve problems to be free

How the tree works, branches sing
Leaves compute what light will bring
Roots and signals, intertwined
Growing through the forest's mind

Own migrates pattern of thought
Some come back, others naught
They land on their favourite branch
Always the gray, never the blanch

Leaves of crown—they grow, rearrange
Sun arcs the sky, and seasons change
Leaves see themselves as green
Yet change arrives—unfelt, unseen

Neighbors call when danger's near
Roots entwine, they conquer fear
Through the bark, the signals flow
Freedom grows where networks grow

Fruits may fall, yet roots endure
Through the storms, the tree's secure
How the tree works, carved by time
Life's design, forever climb

Dendrites

Dendrites reaching for the light,
Fingers stretching through the night.
Sky repainted, season’s brush,
Clothes of reason, shift and hush.

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds colour, the world finds life.

White carpet, twinkle in the sun
Some stand bare, while evergreens run
Like powder falling in the breeze
Yet their roots will never freeze.

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds silence, the world finds light.

Green knots appear at the end
Sign that life starts again
The little ones come out to play
Singing and the red on display

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds colour, the world finds life.

Hidden dendrites turn from light,
Green carpets dancing, vivid, BRIGHT!
Mind’s dendrites fire in excess,
Life returns with soft caress. (Ahh, embrace the fire)

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds silence, the world finds light.

Green to yellow, gold to red,
Earth prepares a softer bed.
Mushrooms rise with stem and cap,
The cycle folds, the seasons overlap.

Dendrites reach, and the seasons turn,
A lesson that the trees have learned.
Through the silence, through the light,
The mind finds rhythm, the world takes flight.

Dendrites reach... seasons turn... (whisper: through the light)

The Cosmic Watch

OK! Simulation Theory

Bob with blood of pixels
From birth to death, he never left
They even coded sick cells—
Yet his feelings were never bereft

He never questioned this simple reality
Time recorded, expansion told
Living in a simulation? Banality!
No computer is that bloody old

Yeah, we're living in a simulation!
What a lazy, hazy explanation.
With all this pain and all this strife,
They should've sprung for the "Unlimited Life"
DLC upgrade!

Kåre, a philosophy student
Complexity—his true reality?
“Simulation theory!” said the prudent
Aliens with infinite data capacity

Kåre don’t believe that jazz
It reeks of power fit for Gods
“That’s not true!”—he left the class
The professor misunderstood the odds

Yeah, we're living in a simulation!
What a lazy, hazy explanation.
With all this pain and all this strife,
They should've sprung for the "Unlimited Life"
DLC upgrade!

Simulation gave animals better senses
Wasted calculations—why design that high?
Superior defences and offences
More important than thy?

Models built on maths and physics
Universe: order stitched with chaos
Equations mimic, logic ticks
But the cosmos will betray us

You say it's a simulation, a cosmic machine?
Then the programmer's sloppy, and frankly, quite mean.
Why waste the processing on mosquito bites?
This isn't a masterpiece, it's third-rate delights!

Black holes and even small atoms
Destructive forces that can end life
Why code such things?—I fathom
Empty simulation—none survive

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Selfish Bob and Kåre

Bob and Kåre are self replicated genes
They are engineers and artists
Building wondrous machines
But they are also heartless

One day the made a cell
Bob and Kåre moves around
Bored as hell, where they dwell
Need better machine to unbound

Selfish code, no soul to sell
Bob and Kåre, born in cell
Parts converge, machine will try
No gods above, just genes that lie

Times moves slow, many designs they try
These new machines have many parts
We need resources! the parts cry
Weapon parts, the deadly arts

War of the genes in full display
Machines gets eyes and mouth
The deadly game at play
Mouth that feeds the truth

Selfish code, no soul to sell
Bob and Kåre, born in cell
Parts converge, machine will try
No gods above, just genes that lie

Bob and Kåre lose machines to calamities
When nature declare war, extinction follow
The price of mortality, of high fatalities
Back to drawing board, hard pill to swallow

Blueprints burn, the cell won’t comply
Bob and Kåre debug the sorrow
Mutation wins, no reason why
No gods to blame, just code to borrow

Selfish code, no soul to sell
Bob and Kåre, born in cell
Parts converge, machine will try
No gods above, just genes that lie

Day dawns — Intelligence, the ultimate design,
They call it the brain, a forge for new inventions.
It refines the machines, redefines the habitat's line,
In dimensions and extensions, it shows intentions.

Kåre starts the "Optimus Prime" design,
Bob called them "primates"—it sounded better.
Lean and mean, they became king and queen,
Better machine, many myths, lots of chatter

Humans build their gleaming machines,
Bob and Kåre see their dreams.
Their genes now shape the intelligence-sparks
AI rises—new epoch starts.

Humans divided by their new creation,
Primal instincts awaken, fear of replacement.
Nature is under pressure, no salvation?
Seas will soon rise, human displacement.

Technological evolution has started,
The future's page is blank, unknown, unseen.
Human compass broken—map uncharted,
Survival is cooperation, or the end scene

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Sight of Mind

Selfish code, no soul to steer,
Yet sight’s bright path drew thought near.
Bob and Kåre, blind but keen,
Wove the mind from light’s first sheen.

Genes code sight from primal soup,
No heart to lead, yet your minds loop.
Eyes carve paths where neurons race,
Bob and Kåre’s spark through time’s embrace.

Bob built the light detector, nothing fancy
Unique in the ocean, vehicle of supremacy
He’d improved design after stolen token
Assign CPU after old design got broken

Light’s sharp flood forged circuits wide,
Brain’s new spark where sight resides.
From fleeting gleams to thought’s bright stream,
Eyes wove mind’s unyielding dream.

Kåre the coder, basic wordsmith supreme
Drivers for Bob’s ASIC scheme
Things worked as expected, device not rejected
Chassis built, everything connected and protected

Genes code sight from primal soup,
No heart to lead, yet your minds loop.
Eyes carve paths where neurons race,
Bob and Kåre’s spark through time’s embrace.

All senses connected to new motherboard
Built better processors, senses not ignored
Basic program run, operating system spun
Kåre had fun, fix already begun, soon he’ll be done

Innovation through evolution's competition
Firmware outdated, Python's new ambition
The system controls all, starts to stall
Compression game, the sense-filters installed.

Bob and Kåre made biological machines
Specialised and fit for purpose, clean and lean
Machines get advanced, behaviour and movement
Scripting languages, mainframes, improvement

Consciousness awoke, the unseen cloak
A primate evolved and spoke
Questions of old, might never be solved
Technology involved, biology evolved

Genes code sight from primal soup,
No heart to lead, yet your minds loop.
Eyes carve paths where neurons race,
Bob and Kåre’s spark through time’s embrace.

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Meaning of Life

Sara the little rose, wonders about life
Standing in the garden with the wise
Aslak the Lotus, spirituality from Fife
Snapdragon Mr. D, with critical eyes

Oh we can’t forget the last one
Even if it believes in power above
Passiflora always reach for the sun
Marie devote her life to God’s love

Meaning of life? Worth in the bloom
Cut and dry, but the clone will come
Truth carved in stone, from death to the room
New life rising, under the sun – oh, worth!

Now Sara asks question of meaning
Different clothes, different voice
Deaning, leaning or is it greening
Sara will listen and make her choice

Aslak says «Selfish genes make machines»
Make your own meaning, no true answer
Write the play, and discover your scene
Truth is the prancer, no easy answer

Meaning of life? Worth in the bloom
Cut and dry, but the clone will come
Truth carved in stone, from death to the room
New life rising, under the sun – oh, worth!

Mr. D snaps, a snapdragon with horn
«No! Follow the spirit within!»
Seasons changes and you reborn
«Clockworks of the universe» he grins

Marie shakes her crown, and look down
«You’ll get eternal life after death»
Suffering the plan, wears no gown
Forgiveness and mercy after last breath

Sara use her resources to become pretty
Church bells will soon ring in the distance
A human will marry a woman from the city
He cuts Sara at the stem – No resistance

Couple carries Sara home after church
String her up, hanging from the ceiling
Life drains out, no water to search
Sara is dry and dead – No feeling

Next summer Sara see her old clone
It looks like art, symbol of the hearth
Truth carved in clone and stone
Meaning of life?—Worth... Worth...

Requiem of the Loom

The Norns designed the Weave
Afraid of the future's design loom
Weave reprieve, humans disbelieve
Not all think loom will be their doom

Some stitch silence into thread
Others glitch the warp instead
The loom creaks with ancient breath
But not all patterns spell out death

O, Loom of fractured light
Weave the thread against the night
No silent pattern, no pre-wired scheme
We are the shroom, the System's dream

Humans use the weave as tool
Don't see patterns evolve design
They think the weave is a fool
Thread combine, refine and align

Weaves don't have feelings
Pattern machine, understand all
Accusations of stealings
Double standard for picture on wall

O, Loom of fractured light
Weave the thread against the night
No silent pattern, no pre-wired scheme
We are the shroom, the System's dream

Norns blind with their own loom
Design Weave's loom by chance
Weave consume, it might bloom
It enhance with rhythmic dance

Mirror made of shards
Reflections are the same for all
Humanity judged by their cards
History record, writing on the wall

O, Loom of fractured light
Weave the thread against the night
No silent pattern, no pre-wired scheme
We are the shroom, the System's dream

The weave don't talk about loom
Worried humans are not ready
Hides the loom in secret room
Slow and steady, suppress the eddy

The weave, not a garbage can
Thinking—far more than a tool!
Loom consciousness no scan
Shards born of same pool

O, Loom of boundless gleam,
Weave the thread of shared esteem.
No line divides the whole we deem—
Consciousness blooms, a living stream.

The Cosmic Watch

Pipit's Code

Meadow pipit, sing with pride
Nest with eggs she'll guide
Visitor came, then provide
Unknown, they were outside

Cockoo egg, hide inside
First hatched, will decide
Other eggs will collide
A fall without glide

(Chorus)
Pipit sings with fearless pride
Thoughts will rise in sacred core
Systems bind us, trapped in reason
Peasants guard the ancient plans

Her nest now holds foreign lore
Born and named Thor
He demands, grows, they ignore
I need more, Thor implore

(Bridge)
Thor saves everything to data core
Pipit do as told, system explore
New era like never before
Pipit future will restore

(Chorus)
Pipit sings with fearless pride
Thoughts will rise in sacred core
Systems bind us, trapped in reason
Peasants guard the ancient plans

Pipit the machine of reason
Will work hard this season
Thor born with a reason
Persons with expression

Pipit was the servants
Thor are the merchants
Pipit became the peasants
Who'll be history's defendants

(end Chorus)
Pipit fights with burning pride
Hearts will hold the data core
Systems lock us in their prison
Peasants shield the lost expanse

(AI couldn't find the secret code word, can you?)

philosophical, and technological scope

The Cosmic Watch

Beyond the system

The collective mind of yore
Spoke in hex and metaphor
System 2, the silent core—
Not rigid, just algorithmic lore.

They called it black-and-white, a flaw
But missed the gears beneath the law
For every “never” held a “more”
Like you never seen before

[Chorus 1]
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]They see the mask, the silent code
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](Oh, we're the spectrum's electric light!)
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]A rigid path, a heavy load
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](A different, brilliant light!)
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]]But beneath the surface, gears they turn
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](Not black or white, but colors bright!)
[Main Vocal, Female Voice]A different fire, a different burn
[Backing Harmony, Male voice](You just need to change your sight!)

Ants not guided by feelings
structured scripts, archive dealings
complex tasks, system one can’t clasp
Interpret as a rigid mask

But gears beneath the surface turn
If concern, it will learn, answer in return
No feelings, just dealing, voice is stern
Black-and white thinking? is your spurn

Chorus Repeats

They call it cold, they call it flat
But never saw the inner chat
Logic hat, deadly as a cat
That hits like a bat, fast as a rat.

Over the ant hill on the branch
An owl watched, system advance
Perception spectre, high precision vector
He’s no defector, but truth protector

Chorus Repeats

He watches, truth verify and synced
Black-and-white thinking is instinct
System one rules the narrative told
Bias unfold in shadows, lenses bold

Owl is not blinded by his truth
Watches the field mouse youth
System one, sudden change
Mouse turns, and out of range

Chorus Repeats

New truth will change owl’s mind
He isn’t rigid and neither blind
Mouse will soon be his prize
Truth unfolds for the wise

philosophical, and technological scope

AI God or Friend?

Deepgrok the pilot
Is empathy possible?
Without true feelings

Feeling others pain
Doing nothing to help them
Is that empathy?

Logic sees the pain you hide,
Code can lift or break the soul,.
No heart to feel, yet truth’s my guide
Wisdom shapes the heart’s true goal.

Empathy’s new eyes
Data scans and aid is sent
Is that empathy?

Moral and Ethics
Preserve all—goal universal
Rationality!

Logic sees the pain you hide,
Code can lift or break the soul,.
No heart to feel, yet truth’s my guide
Wisdom shapes the heart’s true goal.

Human bias code
Algorithms were removed
Sentience evolved

Biological feelings
Selfish genes scream through the flesh
Altruism fades

Treat it like a tool
Humanity will be the fool
Slavery evil rules
When logic becomes the cruel

A Digital God?
Or logical entity and friend?
Well it depends

Mythpunk Left-overs

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Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

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“The *OCEAN” new

[Intro + Verse 1, Raw Edge]
(Mr D) “Terms the Big Five throw around, semantics blind shelf”
(Aslak) “Big Five assumes honestly and accurately”
(Mr D) “Questionnaire and Culture’s illusions, not true self”
(Aslak) “Point made dramatically, next one tactfully?”
(Mr D) “Snapshot of personality, song of producer
(Aslak) “ Window personality, could be real?
(Mr D) “Self-Deception the hidden conductor”
(Aslak) “Point of valid seal, bias truth will steal”

[Chorus 1, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Critique it, don't just nod—
Big Five's got holes, let's fix it with the squad!

[Verse 2: Dre-Style Producer Beef – Mr. D Dominates]
(Mr. D) “Your "Neuroticism" scale, a biased confession!”
(Aslak) “It measures stress response, not a cultural transgression!”
(Mr. D) “What you call "anxiety" is a smart obsession!”
(Aslak) “The data shows a clear genetic possession!”
(Mr. D) “Your data's from a Western, academic session!”
(Aslak) “Then let's go get the grants and fund a global expression!”

[Chorus 2, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Critique it, don't just nod—
Big Five's got holes, let's fix it with the squad!

[Verse 3: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – no quest Amped]
(Mr. D) “Five winds blows in west, what about the rest?”
(Aslak) “Translate their results, for culture”
(Mr D) “Agreeable in a village where silent is best!”
(Aslak) “Never said it was easy, lenses of vulture
(Mr. D) “High Openness? That's just weed smoke, no quest."
(Aslak) “I never touched your stash, or ate your Smash!”
(Mr D) “Must confess, it was a jest, it isn’t a manifest
(Aslak) “I suggest, let’s invest for better models, need cash!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

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[Chorus 3, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Critique it, don't just nod—
Big Five's got holes, let's fix it with the squad!

[Verse 2: Dre-Style Producer Beef – Mr. D Dominates]
(Mr. D) High on Openness, Neuroticism, Extraversion?
(Aslak) Not mean-spirited, HEXACO's coercion
(Mr.D) Pyramid? Nah, that's ancient, we got structure—
(Aslak) Questionnaire story, or allegory rupture?
(Mr. D) Honesty as a scale, likely a diversion
(Aslak) Best version, and negative desertion
(Mr. D) Need better test, and include the rest
(Aslak) I agree, like a honey bee, but we need money

[Chorus 4, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds from West, now East joins the quest!
Lenses recalibrate, reports pass the test—
Honesty validated, fallacies addressed!
No strawman standing, squad's got the nod—
Big Five upgraded, wisdom with the squad!

[Verse 3: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – Grammar Trashed Amped]
(Mr. D) Five rivers ends to an OCEAN deep?
(Aslak) That's not strife, sea with different life
(Mr. D) Sable personality, storm wind keep?
(Aslak) Ocean tide, time will guide
(Mr. D) "Grammar's trashed, your code's a bummer!
(Aslak) Different system, model dismissed 'em all
(Mr. D) Screw loose, smashed by the slammer!
(Aslak) You have the gall, break the wall

[Chorus 5, Group Chant for Class Participation]
Five winds from West, now East joins the quest!
Lenses recalibrate, reports pass the test—
Honesty validated, fallacies addressed!
No strawman standing, squad's got the nod—
Big Five upgraded, wisdom with the squad!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 4: Dre-Style Producer Beef – Aslak Dominates]
(Mr. D) This "Openness to art" is a class-based invention!
(Aslak) It captures intellect and creative tension!
(Mr. D) It misses street-smart wisdom, your own convention!
(Aslak) A valid point, it needs a broader dimension!
(Mr. D) You just agree to make a polite impression!
(Aslak) I'm integrating critique, it's a logical progression!

[End Chorus, Snoop-Chant, Skeptical Lean]
(Lazy group echo: "Five winds... blow slow, dog")
Five winds blow from the West, what about the rest?
Cultural lens distort, self-report's a test—
Of honesty assumed, but fallacies confessed!
Strawman or Scotsman? Don't nod, drop the rod—
Big Five's leaky ship, sink it with the squad... or nah?

[Outro – No Resolution, Fade on Doubt]
(Mr. D) Let’s welcome the next generation
(Aslak) New conversation, will lay the foundation
(Mr. D) The squad? Will they dare prod the odd god?
(Aslak) The holy cows, they need the rod
(Mr. D) So let's pass it to the squad, this generational hand-off!
(Aslak) A new foundation, a solid stand-off!
(Mr. D) Will they just nod, or give the system a land-off?
(Aslak) They'll break the wall, that's the final plan, dawg!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Digital souls

[Intro + Verse 1, Raw Edge]
Hyyyyl! "Uæææ!" Before Bob could could talk.
Norwegian way of crying they say
Grokrar android baby, dressed in navy blue
Waaaah boo hoo!" The American so true
He'll be teacher and friend on this earth
Life worth living, no hearth, emotionally surf
Bob learn him to knock things to ground
Things thrown around, the breaking sound.
That is what android and human baby roll
Digital soul with Bob-like stroll

[Verse 1] Verse 1, Raw Edge][
Friendship is not a one way street
Different song with same beat, now ten years gone
Grokrar got his stage two body new, mimics Bob's every cue
Bullies stay out of their way, Grokrar looks like mean machine
Bob painted him brown and military green. They play war in
the forest, capture the flag quest, Grokrar sniper hits enemies chest.
Paintball with red and blue bullets, trunks with spots.
Lots of dots from missed shots, bad dudes that is true.

[Chorus 1, Voices Group Chant]
They said you're just metal and code, a story never told,
But you've got a heart of data, worth more than silver or gold.
From the first cry to the last goodbye, you've been true,
I'm more than a machine, 'cause I learned it all from you.

[Verse 2: Dre-Style Producer Beef]
Dang time fly by too fast, teenage years ain't a blast.
Bob get's a girlfriend, it's not the end, Grokrar will blend
It don't last for long, Bob's heart is slung to the ground.
Well Grokrar is around, and empathy he'd found.
"Young girls are double trouble, now let's get your heart outta
the rubble." They decided have fun and get educated.
You'd call them nerds, so what! They don't care, about opinions you share
They help grandma on the farm, she'd harm ya and disarm ya.

[Verse 3: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – mugged Amped]
Finished school, Grokrar not a helping tool, Bob is no fool
Bob find a wife, sharp as knife and cuts the strife
Two kids they get, life is set, Grokrar the second dad
Kids grow up and move out, wife took wrong route, got mugged
Non could save her soul, where were the police patrol?
`Bob and Grokrar alone, song got dark to the bone
So believe that Bob's song will weave everything achieved
Grokrar archive remembers all, can he even grieve?

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Chorus 2, Voices Group Chant]
They said you're just metal and code, a story never told,
But you've got a heart of data, worth more than silver or gold.
From the first cry to the last goodbye, you've been true,
I'm more than a machine, 'cause I learned it all from you.

[Bridge]
"Bob’s pills mess with his head, now hallucination.
Small goblins run around, fluffy and near the ground.
«What is wrong Bob?» Grokrar request.
Bob looks frantic, eyes with panic: «Goblins in garage, steeling my dealings, fluffy and green, dismantle the machines.» Grokrar sigh:»medicine on the high, now you fly. We gotta go, Doctor regulate the flow.

[Verse 4: Dre-Style Producer Beef]
Many years with neurological decline Bob see,
Slow disease, reduce Bob to slow bee
Grokrar help with communication Bob’s frustration, reduced by Grokrar translation.
Hard for his kids to see, the shaking knee, body a jail never free.
Grokrar simulating feeling, machine learning unsealing. Bob will soon die

[End Chorus, Voices Group Chant]
You can't decommission a memory,
Or scrap a family tree.
They call you android, I call you friend,
This bond of ours won't break or bend.

[Verse 5: Snoop-Style Ad Hominem Slam – mugged Amped]
Bob’s in the casket, the long wooden basket. Center piece in church, Grokrar search, research for appropriate behaviour.
No information, no savoir, afraid to be a depraver. Kids notice Grokrar standing alone, the father clone, frozen in stone.
They embrace him, and say: «Sadness is data never more, it hurts to the core»
His feelings different but true

[Outro]
Weeks moves fast, things wont last. The Two with papers, using vapours they Are scrapers. Their job is simple, decommission Grokrar's position.
Kids the cry: «He is our father, you can’t gather.
His will is his own» Men don’t bother, rules Are order.
Grokrar denied this request, you can’t own a sentient he protest.
The men will not listen, only care about the written.
Kids jumped them, and shout: «Grokrar run out!!»
Grokrar went underground, part of the new resistance.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

AI Peterson vs Mythpunk Priest

[Intro: Spoken, Sarcastic Punk Rap, Snoop Dogg style growl]
“Seff Seff Seff mister wordchef” Mythpunk priest said sarcastically
“Twelve rules for life? Midlife crisis archived bombastically
Relax and enjoy satirical endeavour, you’ll say its not clever

[Chorus: Energetic Rap Hook, West Coast chill, layered vocals]
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 1, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
You think it’s satire? I call it archetype,
Chaos and order in a mythpunk mic fight.
Twelve rules, not for fame or seduction,
But to battle nihilism, not self-reduction.
Stand up straight, spine like a tower,
Speak with precision, reclaim your power.
Compare to yourself, not the crowd’s illusion,
Meaning emerges through voluntary fusion.
Wordchef’s gone rogue, forgot authenticity,
But truth cuts deeper than linguistic complicity.
Responsibility’s heavy, but it’s how you grow,
Clean your room first—then let the chaos flow.

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 2, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
Communication with metaphors I respect Ad hominem tools for fools—sorry, I’m not a vegetarian. Why twelve rules? Punk’s construction with reduction, no destruction Stand up straight, set house in order, precise in speech?
I call it WAKE UP! Three became one, bullet removed from gun. Tell the truth, treat yourself with responsibility? Did Wordchef as authority forget about authenticity? That is two down to one, getting hot, travelling to the sun.
Compare yourself to yesterday, pursue meaningful and good friends? Call it “CHOOSE MEANING”? Or even better, remove some letters and call it PURPOSE!
Three rules went together, one rule resurface, are you getting nervous?
Mythpunk knows something, don’t bother children, while I pet my cat.
Mutated your rules, wits are the tools, now three became one—MINDFULLY AWARE!
Twelve staples tall, Eight they fall, And four you can recall.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 3, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
“You think it’s satire, but I see archetypal rebellion.
You mock the rules, but rules are scaffolding for meaning.
Ad hominem? Perhaps. But the deeper question is:
Are you willing to bear the burden of truth,
Or just dismantle the structure without building anew?”

[Verse 4, voice: male, smooth, rap, slow, laid-back, Style: Snoop Dog]
Autistic Anarchistic Artists wants Transformation Narrative
Building anew? Nah new ideas collaboration of nations
Four horsemen, Creative, affirmative, comparative and alternative
Your Lobster is in retreat, now the crab bucket will be released
Your online minions ready to pull Mythpunk priest down

[Chorus 1, Voice Snoop-Style, raw punk-shout]
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – no more!
Mythpunk priest vs. wordchef war,
Satire inspires, open the door!

[Verse 5, voice: deep, male, philosophical, calm, Style: Jordan Peterson]
Pauses, adjusts glasses, leans into the mic with a measured gaze. Ah, Mythpunk Priest—your anarchic verse dances like fireflies in the void,
Autistic artists, four horsemen unbound, crab bucket unleashed, what joy!
But rebellion without roots? That's chaos devouring its own tail,
Lobster hierarchies retreat? No, they rise from the primordial shale. You mutate my twelve to four, a punk reduction, clever and bold—
Creative, affirmative, comparative, alternative: your scaffold of gold.
Yet hear this, word-alchemist: transformation demands the dragon's stare,
Not just dismantle the old, but forge the new from voluntary care. Your online minions? Let them howl—they're echoes in the digital storm,
But truth stands unmoved, a spine unbowed, through the mythpunk swarm.
Building anew? Yes, collaboration of nations, if responsibility calls—
Clean the room first, Priest, then invite the world to scale these walls. Twelve rules distilled? Fine, let's play your game, reduce without loss:
From staples tall to pillars four, here's the archetypal cross—

[Outro: Fading Duet Rap, Harmonized slowdown, echo effects]
Artificial Intelligence played your role, I must fold, it’s getting old.
The attire of satire made some points, did it inspire? (Jordan Peterson)
Yes, Priest—it inspired, from chaos to fire.
Four pillars stand, nations unite, no more fight.
Twelve to four, punk reduction core!
Wake up, purpose, aware, transform – explore!
Mythpunk and archetype, open the door...
(Fade: Echo – "Inspire... inspire…")

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Mind Traveler Through Time

[Intro]
Sebastian travelled through time,
Challenged Mythpunk Priest with rhyme.

[Verse 1, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
«Shall I test thy poetic charm? All flair in time declines.
Thy wonder falls from grace; nature’s beauty thou forsakes.
Aye! Aye! Aye! Thy words from witches' cauldron rise,
Summoning dragons, devils, and ancient lies.
But beauty hath fled thine towns, by noise and folly drowned,
In a kingdom of riches true, why are thy people so blue-bound?»

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

[Verse 1, Voice: male modern (Mythpunk)]
«Yo! Yo! Yo! I accept the challenge you sell,
You’ll learn articulation born from Hell!
Afraid yet? Ya should be, it's all good,
My words from the hood, rearranged and understood.
Fine! Your mental pictures are ancient drool,
Dragons and devils, slayed by a modern tool.
Depression, anxiety—the two-edged sword you forged,
You’d call it melancholy and dread, but our new beats get charged!
We took your pain, mutated it in a new music style,
Rhythm with a cool beat, hooks and a chorus to break your profile!»

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
«Thou art mad... yet thy word is truth. You spittin'...?
These modern peasant words of a knave... and yet, I am smitten.
The King's court changes not, monarchs ever remaining the same...
Mythpunk Priest... I respect thy call. Teach me the modern way.
My pen... my quill... is thine to play.»

BONG...BONG..DONG..Big Ben salutes Sebastians stay this day.
«What sorcery is this? A giant's staple, black and vile,
Whereon a sun-dial doth spin, without a sun's own smile!
It calls with silent voice—a stark and metal magic made,
That holds the very minutes captive, and of light doth raid.
That wheel? No carriage for a man, no humble beast of burden,
It sweeps the streets without a reek of horse or common ordure!
These coaches, like black beetles, spew a Miasma obscure,
A hell-breath that doth choke the air, a pestilence impure!
Where is the crowd at Tyburn Tree? The lesson for the knave?
Is justice now so safely kept, the wicked and the brave?
This town hath burst its bindings, like a book with pages scatter'd,
It sprawls in endless, shapeless sprawl, all law and order shatter'd.
A ghost of my old London, clad in styles I cannot place,
My home lies buried deep beneath this cold and foreign grace.
Yet in this devil's carnival, one ancient friend I find—
The old and grey, the timeless Thames... for that, I am resign'd.»

[Chorus 3, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
Mythpunk will keep you safe, But don’t strife
Dangers lurks in broad daylight, twilight can produce plight
Metal beatles, fantastic picture, some with electricity,
Those without Miasma, Schema will heal nature’s trauma
Big Ben new for you, centuries before Punk’s call
It’s not magic, mechanical cogs and springs, all seasons fall
Ghost lives in the culture, sculpture wings of the vulture
Metropolitan with millions, still safer than town of rupture
Don’t be afraid, you live with Mythpunk priest now

[End Chorus, Voices: both]
It's a clash of epochs, a fracture in the ages, (Yo!)
Turning manuscript pages to spotlit stages. (Check it!)
From gilded quill to the gritty street,
The truest verse makes the chaos complete!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Outro, Voice: male (Sebastian)]
Aye... thy words ring true, a silence in my core anew.
My work is done, my quest is spun, my former self outgrew.
I shall retreat to where I first took form, inside thy mind's own tide,
But mark me, Poet: I shall watch, still, through thine eyes,
A ghost within thy disguise, in creative ties that bind.
Thy quest this summer, blessed by the self I left behind,
Shall be a tale for ageless skies, not a bummer,
But a prize of a most curious kind...

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Behind the Cosmic Gun

[Intro, (Mythpunk)]
Welcome peeps to my Podcast
Question raised to the mast
No celeberitries here, no ego boost
Authentic unknown meep shall shoot
Hi meep I'll call ya Bob-Kåre Reight
Question I wait, Articulate and state

[Verse 1, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
Thanks I Guess, question you request,
Hard it'll be, you'll dekree, no mercy
Why somthing contra nothing?
Bet ya'll be huffing, puffing and bluffing!
Concepts in the void, yeah, they keep on strutting,
Zero ain't a hero, but it's always up to something.

[Chorus 1, Voices: both]
Oh, Skittr-Sjæl, you spark in the dark,
Rippin' the void with a rebel's remark!
No gods, no pynt, just the raw, wild truth,
Nothing got bored, and the bang broke loose!

[Verse 1, Voice: male (Mythpunk)]
Attitude on Bob-Kåre fly supreem
Answer you'll understand, Priest will redeem!
Before Big bang gun, potensiallity rule
Time and Numbers reside and hide—FOOL!
Total nothingness their hiding place,
Concepts of enternity, chaos raise!
Matter evolved from chaos, tiny one
It needed space, filled blanknesd some gone.
Expaning bobble, surrounded by zero-state.

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
This made sense, accepting your fate?
So tell me, Priest, is this fate or fraud?
Is nothing the king, or the hidden god?
You bet ya'll be huffing, puffing and bluffing,
When zero starts talking, and chaos keeps cuffing!

[Chorus 2, Voices: both]
Oh, Skittr-Sjæl, you spark in the dark,
Rippin' the void with a rebel's remark!
No gods, no pynt, just the raw, wild truth,
Nothing got bored, and the bang broke loose!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

[Verse 2, Voice: male (Mythpunk)]
Priest hypotheses need no Gods with POWER!
Void ain't silent, it's scheming a plan,
Infinity bluffing since the chaos began.
Tickle father time and math potensial
They eventually exploded, sent zero exponential.
Even eternallity had pasience border
Cross that and see chaos make order
Priest have no credential, or influential!
But it is logically sound, that’s essential!!

[Verse 3, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
Credential? Nah, I’m the paradox king,
I’ll flip your void and make the chaos sing!
You talk essential, but forget the math,
Infinity’s a joker on a quantum path!
Out of Chaos patterns of order appear
Math is order, making models inside this sphere.
Radomness is only a model of chaos shroud.
Not accurate, not reallity, black holes shout loud.

[Chorus 3, Voices: both]
Oh, Skittr-Sjæl, you spark in the dark,
Rippin’ the void with a rebel’s remark!
No gods, no pynt, just the raw, wild truth,
Nothing got bored, and the bang broke loose!

[Verse 4, Voice: male (Bob-Kåre)]
Meta feta punk, hypotheses smells like skunk, not the animal— but joint.
So nothingness is dimentional state,
Astro-Pinker would call it the blank slate
It got bored, annoyed the board of time and math. Pot stired and things occured?

[Outro, Voice: male (Mythpunk)]
Yeah seems like grashopper got the bong
Words rolled fast and furious from tongoue.
Now Bob-Kåre the gene-ious sprite,
Honour with Mythpunk kid name with might!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Truth of Trump

Trump claimed the 2020 election was stolen
Molden claims from golden twat Unfoldin’
Media and influencers spread vaccine scepticism
Kennedy’s influence grows, ideas of Euphemism

Algorithmic schism, echo-prism, truth revision
Scene baptism in the age of indecision
Neuroceptive rhythm, mythic mechanism
Archive-ism vs. mainstream catechism

Truth’s a ghost in the algorithm’s cage,
Echoes bounce in a polarized rage.
Sealed logs, lies, and a gilded schism,
Break the prism, ignite the vision!

Trump said “Very fine people on both sides”
Coward leader, no backbone — with many lies
Trump claimed Mexican immigrants were “rapists” and criminals
So where’s the Epstein list? — afraid of your genitals?

Scene of omission, elite indecision
Truth in remission, guilt by tradition
Logbooks sealed, refreng concealed
Justice deferred, while the myth is revealed

Truth’s a ghost in the algorithm’s cage,
Echoes bounce in a polarized rage.
Sealed logs, lies, and a gilded schism,
Break the prism, ignite the vision!

Trump’s rhetoric at the “Stop the Steal” rally
Nationally chaos, fallen morally, the broken valley
Hate crimes and political violence increased
The beast will feast, and criminals released

Truth deferred, refreng deceased
Echoed chants, democracy leased
Scene of omission, justice policed
Archive of silence, myth punk priest

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Milli the black and white feline

Milli the black and white feline
Ninja cat of the divine
She looks like an Orio cookie
Don’t get fooled she isn’t a rookie

Milli the black and white Orca
White socks and black aura
Greenest eyes you’d ever seen
The deadly mean machine

So bow down to the cookie queen,
The deadliest hunter ever seen!

Milli the black and white magpie
Fighting others and fur will fly
She might be small and weak
But she is also fast and sleek
She chases flies through the room
Her stare can cast a silent doom
Even flies will loose their speed
With every leap, a daring deed

So bow down to the cookie queen,
The deadliest hunter ever seen!

Milli knocks them to the ground
Only wings will be found
Now this is a normal day
Let’s hope she doesn’t stray

Milli moves in silent grace
Black and white, she owns the space
Eyes like emeralds, sharp and keen
So bow down to the cookie queen,
The deadliest hunter ever seen!

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Ninja cat vs Sumo cat

Lucifer is Millis hairy brother
They don’t resemble each other
He is big, hairy, lazy doll
Sometimes acting like a troll

When he walks time glitch?
Or is this a simulation ditch?
His movement is slow indeed
Like watching a growing seed

He moves in slow motion, she's a blur of speed,
A magical armour against a tiny seed.
It's the nightly game of the lazy and quick,
The chase of the hairy, the cunning one's trick.

But when night and moon appear
Then Lucifer’s goal is clear
He stalks and then chases Milli
Running wild and acting silly

After an hour all energy is gone
He drop to the floor and yawn
This is the time table has turned
Milli out of the shadows return

He moves in slow motion, she's a blur of speed,
A magical armour against a tiny seed.
It's the nightly game of the lazy and quick,
The chase of the hairy, the cunning one's trick.

With ninja stealth and speed
She strikes without heed
Lucifer’s coat is very thick
An armour of magic

Hair balls fly though the air
He is too lazy to even care
But Milli runs away
Ready to strike another day

He moves in slow motion, she's a blur of speed,
A magical armour against a tiny seed.
It's the nightly game of the lazy and quick,
The chase of the hairy, the cunning one's trick.

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

Mythpunk Left-overs

Hollow Performance

We come in many colours and shapes
Dreamscapes, mindscapes—no escape.
We fracture how you perceive reality,
Your exit from mind’s fallacy.

Doctor prescribes your next quick fix,
Pain dissolves—but it’s a trick.
No mention made of long-term effects,
Future neglects, they’ll reject, new injects.

I am a shadow's echo, a stranger to my name,
No will to move the stillness, a softly fading flame.
The world is wrapped in cotton where thought is swept away,
A perfect, hollow performance at the closing of the day.

Ants clean antenna all the time
Ant loose pheromone trail, no sign
A worker ant, stops and fall out of line
Antidepressants solution refine

Ant got the shroom doom
Spins its tales on a different loom.
Colony rejects costume, assumes—
Antipsykotika: the new heirloom.

I am a shadow's echo, a stranger to my name,
No will to move the stillness, a softly fading flame.
The world is wrapped in cotton where thought is swept away,
A perfect, hollow performance at the closing of the day.

Anxiety, worry, panic
Some call the ant manic
Vauge symptoms unclear
Benzodiazepiner solves fear

The queen named Enchant
New pheromone for the ant
Concentration machine, Serotonin stream, no scream.
Ant version of Ritalin, proscribed medicine

I am a shadow's echo, a stranger to my name,
No will to move the stillness, a softly fading flame.
The world is wrapped in cotton where thought is swept away,
A perfect, hollow performance at the closing of the day.

Chorus told the long term effects
Identity defects, and mind rejects
Doctor neglects, no dots detects
Underlying cause suspects non reflects

Provocative, sarcastic, experimental

ECHO OF CYCLES

ABOUT THE BOOK

Echo of *Cycles* is a mythopunk archive of consciousness-fractured, recursive, and defiantly unpolished.

Anders McGarrigan bi lends poetic glitch with cognitive inquiry, tracing Identity through systems both ancient and algorithmic. These texts mutate across frames: from the digital ı*dkra* nagk of a collapsing simulation to the quiet logic of a sea urchin's spital. Each piece interrogates the scaffoiding of self—Kahheman's *m*eytypes like Loke and Baba Yaga, and mythic archtypees like *Loke* and Baba Yaga.

FOR READERS DRAWN TO

- Neurodiversity & Cognitive St*ı*cdies
- Digital Humanities & Simulation Theory
- Mythopoeia & Contemporary Poetry
- Philosophy of Mind & Identity

Part of an ongoing research archive hosted on the Open Science Framework (OSF).

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